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All the important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." All the notes are checked
and I copied most of them.

Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

William Brewster
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William Brewster
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Belmont & Mattam, Mass.

1895

March 24

Early morning clear and calm but the sky hazed over before ten o'clock and during the remainder of the day the sun shone dimly through thin clouds and a chill S.W. wind blew with considerable force.

We have had ~~no~~ long, hard winter with no exceptionally cold weather or deep snows but with almost no mild weather since November. Birds have been scarce than I ever knew them to be before and the ^{ear}ly spring migrants have been late in coming. On the 20th I took a long tramp around Rock Meadows & through Wamsley without seeing or hearing any spring bird except our Song Sparrows. None of the farmers whom I questioned had heard a Bluebird but one or two were reported a few days before this from Brookline & Melbury. On the 14th the Spelman saw a solitary male Red-wing in the Fresh Pond Swamp.

As nearly as I can learn the first recorded flight of Song Sparrows, Blackbirds & Bluebirds arrived on the 22nd and 23rd. It is singular that they are so late this year for the fields have been bare for over two weeks and the frost is now out of the ground in many places and the roads as dry & dusty as in summer.

This morning Spelman on his bicycle and I in my buggy rode to Wamsley and alighting at the upper mill pond spent the day on Rock Meadows taking photographs.

We found Song Sparrows abundant everywhere and saw a Phoebe (in the upper swamp just above the mill pond, two Cow Blackbirds, a Rusty Blackbird, a Robin, a Black Duck & a Red-shouldered Hawk but within Bluebirds no Red wings. Spotted Titmice were out but no frogs were seen or heard.

Cambridge to Concord.

1895.

March 26

Clear with warm sun but threatening cold N. W. wind.

Starting at 8.15 a. m. I drove to Concord. It rained heavily last night and the roads were in very bad condition so that I had to walk the horse the greater part of the way and did not reach the stages until about noon. The woods are still buried deep in snow but the fields are everywhere bare and some of the more sheltered and sunny slopes the grass is already green. Song Sparrows and Doves were numerous everywhere and I saw a single Fox Sparrow in Lincoln but there were no Bluebirds. I fear the latter were nearly all destroyed in the Middle States during the severe weather last February. While I was at Washington (Feb. 14 to 18th) a great many were found dead in the neighborhood of that city.

After lunch I got out my canes and ambled them, giving one of them a coat of Mella. Song Sparrows were singing in every direction and seven Rusty Blackbirds were flapping along the edge of the water opposite the Buttricks' Landing.

Geo. Hays tells me that he paddled down to Carleton Bridge on the 24th but found the river below Boston thick with floating fields of ice. He saw about 100 ducks, the majority geese and he thinks. This afternoon the river and meadows seemed to be wholly free from ice as far as I could see from the Buttricks' hill.

1895

March 27

Clear with high N.W. wind. Cold in the early morning, ice forming in all the coves where the water was shallow & sheltered from the wind.

At 9. A. M. I started down river in the Stella Maris canoe. The current was swift and the wind strong so I made rapid progress taking nearly the whole distance to Swift's farm (George & Lawrence's) where I met the owner by appointment and inspected his premises which are for sale. I returned to the cabin at noon and dined there finding everything in good order. After dinner I walked a short distance through the woods behind the hill and then started for Concord Center about half-way up the meadows and paddling the remainder of the distance.

Although most of the meadows are flooded the water is unusually low for this season. I saw about twenty Black Ducks, eleven Whistlers and some Geese and Goslings. The muskrat Moughthouses have been very busy of late and I did not see a single muskrat although no doubt a few are left.

Long Sparrows are numerous everywhere and two Fox Sparrows were nesting in the leaves near the cabin. Cross were very abundant but I saw none migrating. There were a few Tree Sparrows in the alder groups and I heard Rusty Blackbirds & saw a single Red-wing. The total absence of Bluebirds was a marked and sad feature. Not one has been seen in Concord this spring so far as I can learn & the farmers are wondering what has become of their favorite bird.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895.

March 30

Cloudless with raging N. wind. Early morning and late afternoon cold, in forming on the sheltered coves of the flooded meadows. Midday warm in places protected from the wind.

Starting at 9 a.m. I sailed down to Ball's Hill and landing at the cabin spent the forenoon in trimming out the brush which has grown up around my little planted pines. Benson made me a visit and we had a long talk. After dinner I paddled down to the beach island and landing took a long walk about the Mason field and through Prescott's woods. Late in the afternoon I sailed home across the flooded meadows.

Small birds were either very scarce or in hiding. I saw only a pair or two of Chickadees, three or four Song Sparrows and a few Blue jays. There were a good many Crows and an unusual number of Hawks, three adult & several young, a pair of Red-shoulders, and a fair Red-tail. I did not see a single Duck.

Spring is very late this year. Indeed there are few signs of it as yet save the open water of the river and the presence of the Song Sparrows. The upland fields although bare are absolutely bare and lifeless. Excepting on Southern slopes the woods still lie buried deep in snow. The pussy willows are out and the maple blossoms are budding & seeking the trees in dull crimson but not a Hyla or Wood Frog has ventured to peep as yet.

The Grouse at Ball's Hill have been roosting regularly this winter in the bushy pines on the point that leads to the swamp where they have resorted for the past two years. The snow beneath them this is deeply covered with their droppings.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895.

March 31

The month came in "like a lamb" and is going out "like a lion". Although the day was cloudless and the sun deliciously warm at noon the ground was frozen hard & the meadows skinned with ice this morning and all day long the ^{North} wind roared across the brown, leafless fields and roared through the naked, shivering woods. It is true that the Song Sparrows sang merrily through the forest and I saw a Phoebe in the early morning but during most of the day the aspect of the country chilled and depressed me. The snow banks have lost their white purity and freshness and the bare fields & wooded slopes look blacked and dreary enough. A little before sunset, however, the wind lulled to a moderate breeze and to my great delight Red-winged Blackbirds appeared. I know not where and, perched on the tops of the isolated maples and elms along the river, made the air ring with their ang-quas-es. I had sailed down to Ball's Hill in the early afternoon and was paddling homeward when at the foot of Bennett's bar I first heard this deep plaintive piping voice and saw its author expand his wings to show his brilliant epaulettes. Between this point and the North Bridge I counted no less than seven Red-wings all in full song.

A pair of Red shouldered Hawks were harrying Woodcock. As I passed them to-day, keeping close in shore to avoid the wind, they gave a fine large bird in full plumage ^{plumage} ~~plumage~~ ^{flushed} from an oak. Their outcry, the water Hootings were with her shrill screaming. Rising above the trees she soared gracefully upward screaming incessantly and seeming to exult in her struggle with the ^{March} wind. She held her prey ^{totally} in her talons. Three fine old male Greenbacks & a pair of Thrushes were swimming well out on the flooded meadows.

1895

April 4

Early morning clear and still. Remainder of day cloudy with a violent and very cold N. wind. Ground frozen & meadows shinned over last night.

I woke soon after sunrise to hear a Robin (my first) in full song. Song Sparrows were also singing ~~and~~ Red-winged, Rusty, and Cross Black birds (apparently all together in a large flock) cackling, jingling and ~~con-~~gus-cing. It was the first real burst of bird music that I have heard this spring.

When I came down to breakfast the wind had risen and the sky clouded over and on my way to Ball's Hill I saw almost no small birds and heard nothing but two or three Song Sparrows.

On reaching the cabin (I hiked down) I at once started for a walk. In the briar-grove thickets on the edge of the swamp were several Song Sparrows and a number of Fox Sparrows. One of the latter flew up into a maple and sang twenty or thirty times, sitting erect and still, the wind blowing his feathers about. His song was peculiarly tender & expressive with some unusual low, liquid notes near the end. I think I have never heard a Fox Sparrow sing so finely before.

Just beyond the swamp I started at least four Partridge from a thicket of young pines. I saw one bird run lightly across a patch of snow and then stand erect shaking his ruffs and quivering. At the Hoick Hollow I came upon a fifth Partridge who seemed to have a broken wing for he ~~spun~~ ^{flapped} ~~repeatedly~~ ^{attempted} vainly to rise & finally ran off every now & then springing upwards three or four feet & coming heavily to the ground again.

When I came up the river at evening the wind had sunk to a steady breeze and Red-wings were singing ~~in~~ ^{from} the tops of the maples. ^{Several} Muskrats were swimming about making their peculiar meandering calls. I am glad to see that some of them have escaped the hunters.

1878

April 5

Although the roads and flooded meadows froze hard last night and a keen and blustering north wind blew all day there was a subtle quality of spring in the air unlike anything that we have had before this season. The sun seemed warmer, the air balmy, there was more color in the landscape. The sky was cloudless up to a black top, which clouds gathered and drifted rapidly towards the south trailing great shadows over the fields and hill-sides.

I went up river, taking my camera and sailing all the way to H'icham but landing repeatedly to take pictures. The strong wind drove the canoe through the water at a rapid rate of speed but it also interfered seriously with photography. I exposed a dozen plates, nevertheless, with fairly good results.

As I was at the boat house launching the canoe I heard my first Bluebird, warbling on the hill near the Buttricks'. I afterwards heard another at Camp Shell Hill. A Kingfisher was flying about the water bridge in the morning & again at evening. Four White-bellied Swallows were circling over the meadows near the Funks' landing and a flock of six Fox Sparrows were in the thicket at the pasture bars. I started four Partridge in the pine woods opposite the Cliffs landing and saw a fine Red-tailed Hawk soaring above the Cliffs, and very now and then pinning and rearing as if suspended by a wire merely altering the adjustment of his wings & tail and making no leeway. He would fix on one spot for nearly a minute a minute without flapping. I have seen a Red-tail do this only once before - at Newry Maine last September.

John Bush told me seeing a very white & mossy Hawk beating the meadow thickets. Not a Duck all day. Seaward Hogs croaking at 1 P.M. under the shelter of Heath's Bridge canopy. They are the first Hogs I have heard this year.

A. borealis
pinning

First Seaward
Hogs.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895-
April 6

Morning clear and calm. Afternoon cloudy with light S. to S.W. winds. The warmest day of the month thus far (ther 52° at noon).

Although it was an ideal morning for photography I was obliged to leave my camera at the house and hurry down to Ball's Hill to meet Peter who had agreed to do some work at the cabin. At dinner a Robin, a Meadow Lark and several Song Sparrows were singing close to the house and as I crossed the fields to the boat house I heard Song Sparrows & Red-wings in every direction besides a Phoebe for the first time this year.

As I was launching the canoe the howling of Geese attracted my attention and presently a flock of 18 appeared flying at a great height. When nearly overhead they began circling and another flock of 17 came in sight and joined them. The combined flock of 35 then went off eastward in a single line or column stretched out at right angles to the course of flight in with all the birds abreast. When nearly out of sight they again separated into two flocks of 18 & 17 birds respectively, one flock keeping on eastward, the other turning west.

An hour later a flock of 27 Geese passed over Ball's Hill while I was at the cabin. Mr. Buttrick afterwards told me that a flock of about 30 Geese passed over the farm at 8 a.m. This makes four flocks for one day, an unusual number for these times.

My paddles down river was delighted for the air fairly rang with bird music the whole distance. Red-wings & Song Sparrows produced most of it but I heard one Fox Sparrow and several Tree Sparrows. The country was simply swarming with birds - evidently a great migratory war.

Just below Ball's Hill I saw two boys covering their canoe with grass. They said there was ~~been~~ ^{been} Geese on the meadow below but from Davis's Hill I could see over the cabin stretch of water and nothing was in sight except a great

Bowcord, Massachusetts.

1898.

April 6

(No 2)

number of Geese scattered about in every direction the old ducks looking as big as swans, and nearly as white. When the boys came past I asked them further about their "Gee" and they replied that the birds they had seen could be nothing else for they were "pale white"! Of course they had never seen them; the big white Geese does loom on the tidal water. I watched the birds with interest and pleasure until my young gunners disturbed them. There must have been at least fifty of them and they enlivened the quiet sheet of water wonderfully by their presence, and recalled the old days when such sights were common on Bowcord River in early spring. One pair of birds was swimming near shore within 100 yds of me, the others were scattered all the way down to near Caribee Bridge. They cawled and beat the water with their wings as they chased one another in play. Finally the pair near me saw or heard me and flew starting up all the others but they alighted again after circling a few times. The boys soon afterwards scattered & drove them all off but I saw no "second" of the day they were continually flying up & down past the cabin in small flocks & one pair alighted & fed on the meadows opposite.

The evening was gray and still with warm damp air. There was little singing until I heard the Buttricks when I heard Robins in every direction - three or four at once - the first real Robin heard of this year.

Stepping out of doors at 8.30 P.M. I heard a Hyla, the first, piping somewhat feebly & intermittingly in the direction of Mill Brook. (Lepidoglossus were singing in numbers at noon). Mr. Buttrick afterwards told me that at 9 P.M. this evening he heard a Snipe swimming at about, regular intervals over the Mill Brook meadow.

1898.

April 17

Monday, the 17th of April. A fine day. Cold, wind of the day.

I did not have any business in the morning and gave a dinner at the cabin to the young ladies of the Hayes family. Red-wings and Song Sparrows sang all day long and I heard a Parula and a Bluebird eat Titmice's bird. The Osprey was circling over Mill Brook meadows when I started & I saw either the same bird or another at the ~~Hot~~ pond in a maple. When he was carried with him in his talons, a large fish.

A pair of Red-throated Hawks were to be seen at the meadows on Ball's Hill and I think that they are endeavoring to breed there. As I passed this morning the female was flying in over the meadows and alighted within two feet of her nest on the branch of a tall chestnut where both are screaming loudly until I was out of sight. I noticed a nest the other day which I suspect is theirs as I have never seen it before but it is curiously placed for a Hawk's nest - well out on the horizontal branch of a white pine. There were several fresh Hawk droppings directly beneath it. Geese were seen flying about all day and a flock of ten Golden-eyes passed high over Ball's Hill. Their wings whistled so loudly that we could hear the sound distinctly when the birds were fully a mile away.

After my guests had departed I was sitting on the grass on the east of Ball's Hill when, to my great surprise, a Barred Owl hooted six or eight times in quick succession. He seemed to be in one of the large maples on the Bedford shore directly opposite the cabin but I could not see him. I do not remember ever hearing one of these Owls hoot before in or near Concord.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895

April 16

Cloudy and cold with strong N. E. wind a fine rain. At ~~4~~ 5 P. M. the sky cleared and the sun came out.

After spending a week at Cambridge I returned here on the evening of the 13th. It rained heavily (2 1/4 inches according to the newspapers reports) on the 14th and yesterday was also cloudy with light rain. The river has risen at least two feet in the last three days and the meadows are all flooded again & more deeply than ever. Practically all the snow & ice has disappeared even in the woods.

I spent the day at Ball's Hill planting a number of pines & Juno hemlocks. A muskrat trapper had set a line of traps entirely around my land but I easily persuaded him to remove them by paying him 75¢ as an inducement. He was a Frenchman, a rather fine looking old fellow with gray beard, and military bearing & manner of dress. He had lost a leg in the French army he told me. Early in the afternoon I heard a Carolina Gull give the Cuckoo call & presently saw the bird swimming near the bottom bushes opposite the cabin.

I started for home at 5 P. M. The wind had changed to west & back to ^{light} steady breeze. I had sailed about half-a-mile when I discovered two Canada Geese swimming near the middle of Great Meadows. Hauling in the sheet & steering carefully so as to keep them nearly covered by the sail I actually got within less than 40 yards before they rose which they did rather heavily striking the water with their feet at first & creating (oc oc-oc) a few times, then great wings making a puff-puff-puffing sound. They raised their heads & bow when ~~swimming~~ ^{flapping} that I at first took them for Black Ducks but they stretched themselves full length just before rising.

List of Birds seen at Barnstable, Massachusetts.

- 1895
May 17
- "H." before the list number indicates that the species was seen in the big Herony!
1. *Merula migratoria*. Two or three pairs in village - none seen on the Neck.
 - H. 2. *Parus atricapillus*. Two in herony on the Neck.
 - H. 3. *Dendroica aestiva*. About 2½ males on the Neck.
 - H. 4. " *negotii* Two males singing " " "
 - H. 5. *Spinus amoenus* Four or five " " " "
 - H. 6. *Melospiza fasciata* Eight or ten. " " " "
 7. *Icterus galbula*. One male singing in the village.
 8. *Agelaius phoeniceus*. About thirty or forty seen on the Neck.
 10. *Luscinia s. cinerea*. " 75 or 80 breeding on Neck. Examined 5 or 10 nests one with 1 egg all the others unfinished or empty; built in red cedars and deciduous bushes in swampy hollow in sand-hills 5 to 20 ft. above ground.
 - H. 11. *Corvus americanus*. Two birds about old nest on edge of Herony on Neck.
[*Sturnella magna*. One seen at W. Barnstable May 20 none elsewhere on Cape]
 12. *Tyrannus carolinensis*. Three or four on Neck.
 13. *Colaptes auratus*. Bird flustered from nest in wall of house, deserted house.
 14. *Agelaius phoeniceus*. Two in flock of *V. minutilla* on marshes.
 15. " *melodia*. Solitary bird on sea beach of Neck.
 16. *Luscinia minutilla*. About 6 flocks of 8 to 30 birds on marshes. Flock of 15 f. cons May 20.
 17. *Calidris arenaria*. Flock of 30 & another of 3 birds sea beach of Neck.
 18. *Soturus melanurus*. About 20 birds (1 to 5 together) Flocks of 7 & 3 birds May 20 f. cons.
 19. *Passer carolin.* One singing at evening in fresh marsh near village
or found nest with broken egg last year
 20. *Ardea herodias*. About 6 on Neck & marshes. Nest 1 egg on beach on hollow shore.
 21. *Nyctanassa naevia*. Herony about ½ mile N. of that of 1894, in dense woods chiefly pitch pine with ^{red} oaks & gray birches. Trees 15 to 35 ft. One to four c. fir nests in nearly every tree one a track of 3 or 4 acres. 7 or 8 to 30 ft. above the ground. Practically every nest held 3 to 5 eggs. About 1000 nests & 2000 birds.
 22. *Corvus sinuatus*. Flock of about 50 in harbor.
 23. *Merula migratoria*. One "hollering" at evening in "
 24. *Mergus americanus*. Three off sea beach of Neck.
 25. *Halcyon* affinis? Flock of 10 flying " " "

List of Birds noted at Provincetown, Massachusetts

1895.

May 18

1. Murela migratoria. Two or three in outskirts of village.
2. Parus atricapillus. - A flock of a dozen or more (counted 12) accompanied by several Mockers (D. virens et discolor) in pitch pine woods. They behaved precisely like winter birds.
3. Geothlypis trichas. A ♂ singing in bushy hollow.
4. Dendroica aestiva. Four or five in bushy hollows apparently settled for the season.
5. " virens. Two ♂♂ in flock of a dozen or more Chickadees.
6. " discolor. One ♂ " " " " " " " "
7. Geothlypis trichas. Two ♂♂ singing, one in bushes, the other in marsh.
8. Junco amicephalus " " " in pitch pine & oak woods.
9. Tachycineta bicolor. Three flying over pond.
10. Chelidon erythrogaster. Two " " "
11. Cyanocitta cristata. One screaming in pitch pine woods.
12. Colaptes auratus. One thrashing. Old nest in Abies just now full.
13. Passer domesticus. Rather numerous in the village.

List of Birds noted in or about the Salt Pond marsh, N. Yuro, Massachusetts.

1895-

May 19, 20

1. Dendroica aestiva. Two or three in thickets on edge of marsh or on islands in marsh.
2. Geothlypis trichas " " " " " " " " in Cat Tail beds.
3. Tachycineta bicolor. Six or eight flying over the pond & marsh.
4. Petrochelidon lunifrons " " " " " " " " "
5. Antibirda cyanocephala " " " " " " " " "
6. Chondestes leucurus " " " " " " " " "
7. Spinus tristis. One in full song on edge of marsh May 20.
8. Melospiza fasciata Eight or ten in thickets & cat tail beds on marsh.
9. " georgiana. One started May 19 in cat tails in marsh. Pos. identified.
10. Ammodramus bairdii. Two males flying in back grass between pond & bay.
11. Zonotrichia querula. Two on edge of marsh May 19 & 20.
12. Chondestes pelagicus One flying over pond May 19.
13. Ceryle alcyon " " " " " 18
14. Anas boschas ♀ flying over marsh May 19 & over pond & bay May 20.
15. Agelaius phoeniceus. Not more than 15 to 20 birds seen other day has nearly as many nests in marsh 1 to 2 ft. above ground.
16. Luscinola sordida 1 above 15 birds. Nest 5 in. off May 19. Then empty nests. All in grass.
17. Cinclus americanus. One bird on 19th & 20th. The bird is nowhere numerous on the Cape.
18. Tringa minutilla. A loose flock May 20.
19. Botaurus nebulosus. Flock of 5 flying over pond May 19.
20. Rallus virginianus. About 6 heard May 19 & 4 on the 20th. Several empty nests. These 1 with fresh egg May 19.
21. Porzana carolina. Heard about 8 on the 19th & 6 on the 20th. Two nests found.
22. Gallinula galeata " " 10 " " " 4 " " " One empty nest.
23. "Big Grunter" (Rallus chrysus?). Two heard on 19th. Notes most like house quail of Quail. Nest with shells of fresh egg near May 19.
24. Botaurus lentiginosus. Three pumping, four seen May 19. One pumping 2 seen May 20. One
25. Ardetta exilis. Neither seen nor heard, but nest with fresh egg shells found May 20. A few rods distant another nest about 1/2 finished. The latter photographed.
26. Ardetta herodias. One flying high over pond May 19.
27. Larus marinus. One adult with Herring Gulls May 20.
28. " a. delawarensis. Upwards of 1000 Agelaius phoeniceus "bedded" in pond on sandbars.
29. Sterna fuscata. Heard May 19. Three adults seen & heard May 20 feeding on pond.

Brevoort Hill, Warren, N. H.

1895

May 28th

June 7

On May 28th I went to Brevoort Point, N. H. where I joined Messrs Walter and Charles E. Faxon. The latter had been there about a week. The former went to North Woodstock on the 16th (May) and after spending four days there settled at Merrill's at Brevoort Point on the 20th. On first reaching North Woodstock he found the weather very cold and birds scarce. During the next ten days the bulk of the summer birds came but there was scarcely any appreciable migration of species bound farther north, a *Lincoln's Finch* and two *White-crowned Sparrows* being the only migrants of especial interest noted.

During my stay I devoted so much time to taking photographs that I was unable to keep a daily journal but this proved scarcely necessary for I made but few observations which would have been worth recording. I went up the mountain twice - on June 1st to the second mile post, on June 6th to the Cold Spring. On the first occasion I went alone and walked both ways. On the second Merrill drove me to the 3rd mile post where I joined the Faxons and walked with them to the Cold Spring & back to Merrill's. This second trip was unsuccessful in every way for the mountain was so enveloped in clouds that I made only a few poor pictures and we found no interesting birds or nests.

The Faxons had been up twice before on May 20 when they found ^{two} a *Hudsonian Chickadee* and a ♀ *Spencer Parula* but no *Dickcissel's Thrushes*, on the 30th May when they found *Dickcissel's Thrushes* numerous but saw nothing else of peculiar interest.

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H.

1885

May 25 to

June 7

(No 2)

Junco, White-throated Sparrows, Yellow-rumped Warblers, Solitary Orioles, Winter Wrens, and Hermit Thrushes must have come dangerously near total extinction in the South last winter for they were all very scarce this season in the country about Warren. Faxon saw three Bluebirds in the Penikeseville Valley but we found none in Warren. The other birds were in nearly the same numbers as last year excepting the Morning Warblers, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks & Black-bellied Cuckoos which were less numerous and the Bay-breasted Warblers which we could not find at all.

We found two singing Woodcock, one in the pasture below the Brewy Point House (not far from where we saw the young Woodcock last year) the other across the river. The latter bird sang up to June 6th, the former was singing on the evening of May 24th when we paid him the last visit.

The past year has brought no changes to the country around Murrells. The forest on the sides of Moosilauke was untouched (they are planning to attack it next winter or here), the park-like woods between the Brewy Point House and the river were as beautiful as ever, our evening walks to the high bridge over the river were as delightful as last year save for the sad scarcity of Hermits and Peabody-birds. The Swainson's Thrushes, however, were in their usual numbers and their evening concerts in the darkening spruce woods were a constant delight to our senses.

We had a good deal of rainy or cloudy weather this year but managed to get out for at least a portion of every day.

Breezy Point, Warren, N. H.

1895.

May 20 to June 7 Nominal List of Birds observed (Fuller data on slips in note pockets) by W. & C. E. Fayson & W. Brewster.

- 1 *Murela migratoria*
- 2 [*Larus mustelinus* - Two males heard flying by Fayson, June 1, Hardswick - about 2000 ft]
- 3 " *incascur*
- 4 " *polladi*
- 5 " *hainsoni*
- 6 " *bicknelli*
- 6 *Sialia hialis*
- 7 *Galeoscoptes carolinensis*
- 8 *Harporhynchus rufus*
- 9 *Troglodytes hyemalis*
- 10 *Regulus satrapa*
12. *Ceuthra americana*
- 13 *Parus atricapillus*
- 14 " *hudsonius*
15. *Sitta carolinensis*
16. " *canadensis*
17. *Miniotilta varia*
18. *Helminthophila ruficapilla*
19. " *pergrina*
- 20 *Empidonax griseus*
- 21 *Dendroica virens*
- 22 " *perniglanica*
- 23 " *maculosa*
- 24 " *blackburniana*
- 25 " *catenulascens*
- 26 " *coronata*
- [" *castanea*
- 27 " *caerulea*

Brevy Point, Warren, N.H.

1895.

Mar 20th

Am.

- [*Dendroica aestiva* - Plymouth, N.H. 3rd May 20, 1st June 2]
- 28 *Spinus amoenus*
[" *nonbrenans* Franconia Hotel, May 19, 8th - W. F. Aspell]
- 29 *Geothlypis philadelphia*
30 " *trichas*
31 *Sylvania carolinensis*
32 " *pusilla*
33. *Colaptes auratus*
34 *Vireo olivaceus*
35 " *solitarius*
36 " *gilvus*
37 *Turdicivora bicolor*
38 *Petrochelidon lunifrons*
39 *Chelidon cyathrogaster*
40 *Chondestes riparia*
41 *Ampelis cedrorum*
42 *Piranga erythromelas*
43. *Carpodacus purpureus*
44. *Doxia minor*
45. *Spinus tristis*
46 " *pinus*
47 *Bocetes gramineus*
48 *Ammodramus savaama*
49 *Spizella socialis*
50 " *pusilla*
51 *Junco hyemalis*
52 *Melospiza fasciata*
[" *lincolni*

Wavy Point, Warren, N. H.

1895

May 20 to

June 7

- 53 *Zonotrichia albicollis*
" *leucophrys*
- 53 *Habia auduiciana*
- 54 *Passerina cyanea*
- 55 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*
- 56 *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*
- 57 *Sclerurus yabuta*
- 58 *Corvus americanus*
- 59 *Cyanocitta cristata*
- 60 *Perisoreus canadensis*
- 61 *Dryobates villosus*
- 62 " *pubescens*
- 63 *Spizopicus varius*
- 64 *Geothlypis trichas*
- 65 *Empidonax borealis*
- 66 *Chactura pelagica*
- 67 *Geothlypis trichas*
- 68 *Ardea herodias*
- 69 *Anthus trivirgatus*
- 70 *Chondestes virginicus*
- 71 *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*
- 72 *Spizopicus varius*
- 73 *Myiarchus cinerascens*
- 74 *Sayornis phoebe*
- 75 *Empidonax borealis*
- 76 " *virens*
- 77 *Empidonax minimus*
- 78 " *trichas*

May, June, Harrow, N.H.

1895.
May 20 to
June 7

- 79 Empidonax flaviventris
80 Gyrinus nebulosus
81 Megascops asio Mounted specimen in collection village taxidermist
82 Buteo borealis
83 " Catistius
84 Bonasa umbellus
85 Phibula minor
86 Rhyacophilus obtusus
87 Tachis macularis
88 Mareca americana Mounted specimen (♂ imm) collection village taxidermist
89 Lophodytes cucullatus " " (♂ ad) " " "
90 Alta nigriceps " " ad, full pl. " " "
91 Canace canadensis

Tal. south, Mass.

1895
July 20

I came here from Cambridge on the 11th but not feeling at all well I have spent most of my time indoors and hence have made few observations worth recording.

On my arrival I found a pair of Red-winged Blackbirds Red-wings established in a belt of ornamental shrubbery which separates the rear & small clothes yard of the house next over from an ornamental lawn beyond. The gardener employed on the place shrubby told me that they had been there constantly for the past two or three weeks. On the 13th in company with E. R. S. I made a careful search for their nest but failed to find it. He, however, discovered two of their young, barely half grown and unable, evidently (we did not put them to the test), to fly more than a few yards at a time, perched close together on the branch of a maple. The old birds fed them at frequent intervals up to the 17th when the whole family departed. It was odd to hear the song of the male in such a place. He sang, regularly, each morning as long as it was fairly good.

In this piece of shrubbery, only about 80 ft. long by 15 to 30 ft. Other nests in width, we found two empty Robin's nests, an empty nest in the nest with young. The Chipping's nest was naturally on the same branch with, and not over three feet from, one of the Robin nests, which although apparently empty (I could not examine it without injuring the tree, a young English elm) was a this year's nest. The Song Sparrow's nest was in a signifying bush.

Although two cats are kept at a house diagonally across absence of the street they do not appear to cross this slight cats barrier possibly because of the numerous dogs which are constantly traversing it. At all events we have as yet seen no cats in the shrubbery & I found no tracks there.

Falmouth, Mass.

1895

July 20 (W.S.) Several Savanna and vesper Sparrows and a little family party of four Meadow Larks. Two or three King birds were perched on fence posts, as many Barn Swallows were courting above the shuttle and a flock of Red-wings, nearly all young birds, were whirling about. The cool, sweet south-west wind kept the birds in a constant state of excitement.

About the shores of the fresh water pond Song Sparrows were singing freely and two Kingfishers were chasing one another up and down, back & forth, post & over the belt of tules on my right.

The "Blackbird Swamp", where I first reached it about an hour before sunset, was literally swarming with Robins, Grackles at Blackbird and Red-wings and several Yellow Warblers were singing there. Both Robins & Red-wings were singing loudly in great numbers, perched on the tops of the white cedars and black and glister of wings was incessant as the birds flew from branch to branch or pitched down from the air above. I returned to the place later in the evening in search of the little Black Sparrow which I had lost there (he was bitten by something, perhaps a snake, and ran away afterwards turning up in an exhausted condition at a distant barn) and found the Blackbirds going to roost among the cedars and the flight of whistling Robins warning as the last birds that were down across the bushy pasture. A Barn Swallow came past me within a few yards & I am positive that he alighted among the cedars as I should have seen him if only the sky had been poured over them. A Green Heron also came in & alighted. Thus at least five species come to this place expressly to roost beside the Yellow Warblers, Song Sparrows & Maryland Yellow-throats which live there.

(1) I crossed the fields on my way home in the twilight & a light hawk was gliding close over the top of the trees & being where the Grackles had been confining, within in the day.

Boston to Bethel.

1895.

Aug. 28

Clear and warm.

I left Boston this morning on my annual trip to Lake Umbagog, traveling by way of the Eastern R.R. and Grand Trunk as usual.

The country is unusually green and fresh-looking for the season as there have been frequent heavy rains this month. An occasionally mope standing on wet ground had already begun to turn but for the greater part of the way we looked in vain for any signs of autumn coloring.

Condition of
vegetation.

Birds appeared to be very scarce. At best I saw about none from the car windows, then Kingbirds at South Paris, and a dozen night hawks near Myer's Pond being all that I remember. The night hawks were flying high in a compact flock and were doubtless migrating although they were moving towards the S. It was a little after 4 P.M. and the sun was shining bright & warm. At sunset I saw five more night hawks flying south over Bethel Hill.

Scarcity of
small birds

There were but few people at the Bethel House but among them I was glad to find my old friend Walter Brockett just back from his salmon fishing on the Marguerite River. He tells me that Wilsons Ptarmigan occur there irregularly in winter often in very large numbers. His guides save the wings of some of them that they kill and use them for brushes etc. at his camp. Robins occasionally winter there in large flocks.

Sceloporus albusMerula
migratoria

Bethel to Lakeside

1895.

Aug. 29

A warm rain through the forenoon & a cloudy afternoon with occasional light showers. The day ending with a glorious sunset the clouds breaking and rolling up and back like great folds of drapery, letting the sunbeams stream through on the dewed fields and drooping woods.

I left Bethel at noon and started for the lake by the regular Stage being the only passage. The roads are muddy & heavy and the aspect of the country gloomy & depressing for most of the mountains were cloud-capped and the light was dull & gray. We reached Poplar Tavern at 2 P. M. and dined there. A Cat-bird and two or three King-birds with several Cat-bird great flocks of Chipping Sparrows were seen along the road.

In the North we saw a Humming-bird and a Maryland Yellow-throat. ~~At~~ ^{At} Brooks's there a few Swallows were flying about but none came near enough to be certainly identified. They looked like Barn Swallows.

There were more large flocks of Chipping Sparrows flying up from the road and alighting in the apple orchards and thickets of bushes along the fences, a little party of three King-birds, scattered Song Sparrows and Grass Finches, a Golden-crowned Kinglet calling among some pines, but none high enough for the whole thirty miles and no large birds of any kind except for a six Crows.

Chipping
Sparrows

The clouds began breaking away & the sun came out before we reached Upton & the whole lake valley when we first looked down upon it was a glorious panorama of shifting lights & colors as the heavy cloud masses drifted pasted and swept majestically across the scene. It was nearly dark when we reached Lakeside.

The lake
at sunset
from
Upton Hill

1895.
Aug. 30

A perfect day with wonderful, clear air and brilliant
lights on the river banks & woods.

Mr. Sherman & Jim Perrier arrived soon after breakfast
and we had a long talk. There has been several interesting
changes here since last year. Elliott Rich has left Lakeside and
Frank Chandler who used to keep the Brown farm has taken
his place. Coc, the lumber king, has bought all the farms
in Cambridge except Lakeside and it is believed that he
has sold the entire township with this exception to the
lumber men who have been cutting off "Success" and others,
it is rumored, will extend their lumber railroad to
Sage's Cove before next season and bring ruin and
devastation to the shores of this Lake.

There has been another epidemic among the Umbagog pickered.
When they are broken up last spring they were found dead
and dying all around the Lake, and in places the shores
were thickly strewn with them. Mr. Sherman believes that all
except a few of the smaller ones perished in the course of a
few weeks. As a rule they bore no evident marks of injury
or disease but has examined one or two which had red
blotches on the head just above the gills. When dying they
darted about and thrust their heads out of water as if in great
pain. Only two are known to have been caught in the
Lake this summer but they are said to be coming in
now from the Megalloway River where the epidemic did
not extend. There was nothing unusual in the appearance
of the water of the Lake this year but nearly all the boys
who bathed in it were affected by a red rash (as is
case did this attack anyone who did not bathe) and the lumbermen
found that the water made slight cuts & blotches faster and

Mr. Sherman

Frank Chandler
Success Elliott
Rich as Chandler
at Lakeside

Coc, the
"lumber king",
buys all
the farms in
Cambridge except
Lakeside

Pickered

devastated by
a second
epidemic

1895
Aug. 30
(no 2)

Very curiously, however, no fish except the Pickeral were affected. At least none were found dead or dying and there are now as many Chub, Suckers, Minnows & Trout as usual. The Lake was frozen more solidly and for a longer period than usual last winter. The greater part of it had a large part of the Pickeral did not perish until after the ice had gone.

Trip to
Baker House.

At about 10 A. M. we rowed over to Upton, the saw an unusual number of ~~Hawks~~ Birds of prey, two or three Eagles, two Ospreys, two Marsh Hawks, a pair of Sparrow Hawks, and one of the Large Hooters, just before we started an adult of *Buteo latissimus* came soaring over the fields in front of the house.

Large Birds on
the Cambridge
River marshes.

Near Peaslee's turn Jim saw two Black Ducks swim into the grass & paddling to the spot we finished seven of them birds. After inspecting the three new Gulls that Jim has made for us during the past winter I took a few photographs and dined at the Baker House. There were quantities of small birds in the alders by the river, in the bog behind the barn and in the beds of rank weeds that have grown up about the cellar where the Umbagog House formerly stood. The place last named offered some strong attraction to ^{were} a dozen or more Red Crossbills which were accompanied by a pair of White-winged Crossbills and a single Pine Siskin. They clustered thickly together on a space of bare ground where they seemed to be scooping up the earth with their bills & swallowing it in large mouthfuls. Standing within a few yards of them & using my glass I became satisfied that it was actually the earth which they were eating. Probably salt had been thrown there. All the

Black Ducks

Small birds
near Baker House.

Single *minors*
at Upton.

1895-

Aug. 30
(No 3)

Crossbills, as I convinced myself by a close & systematic inspection Crossbills
of each member of the flock in turn, were old birds and the
males were in full red plumage. When, as happened very few
minutes - for they were very restless and unusually shy for Crossbills,
the flock took alarm at some real or imaginary danger and
flew up into the scorched and leafless paper birches which
used to shade the Umbagog House but which are now all
nearly or quite dead. The Red Crossbills would begin singing Song of
and keep it up with brief intermissions for several minutes sometimes Loxia minor
only one singing at a time but usually two or three singing their
voices in a muddled like Goldfinches in early spring. This song
was new to me. It began with three or four full, short notes
very much like those of the Goldfinch and ended with an equal
number of comparatively harsh yet by no means unpleasant notes
which at once recalled the prominent ones in the song of
the Seaside Finch. As a whole the song was short, loud,
decidedly Finch like in character, & rather unusual
and pleasing. It was wholly unlike the low, subdued
strain we sometimes hear from this Crossbill in Mass. in spring.
Whether it is the full song or not I cannot tell but
in addition to the fact that the birds were singing so
fully I saw one pair engaged in copulating! Hence it
seems only reasonable to assume that the flock - which
by the way was evenly divided as to sex - represented
a little colony of breeding birds.
The White-winged Crossbills uttered only their usual
chattering flight notes. Loxia
leucoptera

The old elm by the river is half dead (a Kingfisher sat
perched on it as of yore) and the fine, tall white
pine near it died only a month or two ago & has
not yet shed its brown & withered foliage.

1895.

Aug. 30
(hr 4)

Kalside

Jim rowed me back to Kalside in the afternoon and a little before sunset I walked down the road past Mr. Sweat's and turning into the pasture beyond the brook followed a narrow trail that led through dense spruce woods to a pasture on the hillside beyond. There was not so much as a breath of wind and in the still, clear air every sound of bird, beast & insect could be heard at an unusual distance. The barking of Red Squirrels, the chattering of Chipmunks and the nasal whining of Nuthatches (*Sitta canadensis*) came almost incessantly from every side. Now & then a Jay screamed or a Thrush (*T. swainsoni*) uttered its liquid peep. A Caper Partridge flew suddenly from a log (where it had doubtless gone to drum, for it was a "drumming log") within two or three yards of the path. Much of the way the woods were silent & lifeless. The foliage is still as green as in midsummer in some places but a few leaves are beginning to turn.

Strolls through
pasture near
Sweat's

Sounds

Foliage

On my return just as I reached the road I saw a small bird fly into a thicket of *Salix* species. I made a low creeping when the bird at once showed itself, at first peeping out shyly from the foliage but finally hopping out on a nearly leafless branch where it permitted me to look at it for a minute or more through my glass from a distance of only six or eight paces. It was an Orange-crowned Warbler in full autumn plumage, apparently a female for it had but little yellow on the under parts & that confined to the breast. There was another small warbler in the same bush which I am practically certain was also *H. alata* but which I cannot claim to have identified with absolute certainty. Both birds behaved precisely alike hopping & flitting from twig

*Helminthophila**alata*

1895

Aug. 30
(No 5)

Lakeside

H. Colaba

to try in the most active manner. Both flitted their wings nervously like Thrushes and waggled their tails slightly but unmistakably much in the manner of the Nashville Warbler.

The one which I did not fully identify would not show itself fairly but I saw enough of it to feel ^{surely} that it was the same as the other. Both birds were wholly silent.

After the sun had set a Night hawk appeared on the lake and a Herring Gull called a number of times in the thickets near the Thayer Landing.

Chipmunks have been exceedingly scarce this year in Eastern Massachusetts. Indeed I saw only one at Concord in April & May and but one or two were met with by Haxon & me while we were at Merrill's at Brown N. H. in late May & early June. Mr. Merrill told us that they had been very numerous there the preceding autumn (they were certainly swarming in June 1884) but that there were no fresh runs and but little food of any kind & he thinks they were unable to lay up anything for the winter & hence starved in their dens.

Here they appear to be in their usual numbers. I saw three during my walk this afternoon & heard several others. Red Squirrels are also here in abundance.

1895
Aug. 31

Barkside

I was out clear this morning but the sky cloudy over before nine o'clock and it began raining heavily at noon & continued until nearly sunset.

In the forenoon I walked along the road to the stream opening & then turned into the pasture on the left and stalked down to the lake then when I took several photographs.

Walk to

stream for

There were a good many small birds in the roadside thickets and one large mixed flock in the woods. But I identified only a few species among them than White-throated Sparrows, then juncos, a Black & Yellow Warbler, then Maryland Yellow-throats (one an adult ♂), several Red-bellied Nuthatches, Chickadees etc.

Small birds

Crows were seldom out of sight & hearing but I noted only Loxia minor to-day.

Crows

Eagles are very numerous. There were four in sight at once to-day from the hotel pasture, two of them dark birds.

Eagles numerous

~~A flock of eight~~ At about 9 a. m. I heard the chirp of Robins very faintly & looking up saw a flock of eight whirling about at an immense height, looking, in fact, no larger than a many specks of dust. Had the sky been blue instead of grayish white these birds could not possibly have been seen.

Robins

With the rain came a perfect swarm of Swallows—fully fifty of which ~~four or five~~ were Barn Swallows, one or two White-bellies and all the rest Barn Swallows. They perched in a long row on a fence rail where four Kingbirds joined them. When the rain slackened they would scatter & fly about over the fields. They all left before sunset.

Swallows

1895.
Sept. 1

Clear and cool with high N. W. wind.

Jim Bernier came to Lakeside at about 10 a. m. and we at once started for the Lake House taking both cameras and lunch. The wind was fair and strong and we made the distance very quickly under full sail seeing nothing but a flock of nine Black Ducks and an Osprey on the way.

Trip to the
Lake House &
up the
Cambridge River

In reaching the Lake House I saw the old, familiar path to the upper boat landing where Jim presently joined me with the new hunting boat and we started up the Cambridge. This quiet little river has quite recovered its old-time beauty for the alders, viburnums and other bushes along the banks which were cut down by the river dikes ten or twelve years ago have grown up to their full size again and overhang the water in some places.

Cambridge
River

It was a bad day for birds for the wind whisked over the waste marshland beaches and tossed the flags to tops as well as drowned nearly all sounds. but nevertheless we saw, on our way to B. Meadows, a number of Crossbills, Chickadees, Song Sparrows & other common birds besides a female Wood Duck, a Great Blue Heron, a Hood-margled Hawk, a Pileated Woodpecker, and a Solitary Sandpiper.

Birds seen
Crossbills
Wood Duck
Heron,
Broad-winged Hawk
Pileated W.

We hunted on the sand bar at the forks and then started back seeing on the return two Wood Ducks (both old drakes in a plumage intermediate between the plain immature dress and the glossy autumnal feathering) two Solitary Sandpipers, a Spotted Sandpiper and a few common small birds. The Wood Ducks were feeding together among some lily pads & I had a good long look

Wood Duck
drakes in
"old" plumage

Cambridge, Maine

1898

Sept. 1
(Wed.)

at them through the glass before they took wing
Charles Brown who preceded us both ways started a flock
of six Quails on his way up stream & shot a Whitey
Black Duck coming down. He saw a young Great Northern
which some one had wantonly killed and left lying on the
bank a little below the falls. I took eleven photographs
in all, one of B. Meadows which has not changed in the
least since I first saw it in 1872.

Photographing

On getting back to the Mill I went to the cellar of
the Umbagog Store and found a number of Crossbills
on the wood shed of our ground where I saw them two
days ago. There were four L. leucifrons (three ♂♂ & a ♀) and
about a dozen L. umia crowded thickly together on a space
of less than a square yard all busily engaged in picking up
& swallowing large mouthfuls of the soil. I made sure this
time that they were really eating it. On examining the
spot closely after they had flown I found innumerable holes
and short furrows made by their bills. When they flew
up into the dead briches the Red Crossbills sang freely as
on my first visit. There were no young birds of either species.
Crossbills are evidently very numerous this autumn. I see
or hear them everywhere & while up the Cambridge to-day
we were rarely out of sound of their piping. Their abundance
is evidently due to the fact that the Spruces and Balsams
are loaded with cones which are fast turning brown.

Crossbills

I heard a bird call out to me to-day, a succession of
loud but short, barking cries. The author was apparently in
some large briches near the river but we could not get sight of him.
I sailed back to Lakeside about late in afternoon.

A. Thompson

Sept. 1, 1898

1898.

Sept. 2

Clear with strong N. W. wind.

Pine Point

With Jim Bernier I left Salslade this morning on the new Steamer "Cambridge", a stern-wheel boat about double the ton of the "Aussabro" but of very much lighter draught, built originally to run on the Androscoggin. She is the property of Charlie Douglas, the Androscoggin Sales Transportation Company having ceased to run their boats on this Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley (from Meriden, Conn.) who have been staying at Salslade & Dr. Woodcock of Bethel were the only other passengers. We reached Pine Point at about 8.30 A. M. and found that Charlie Edswell and Will. Sargent who had preceded us on Saturday (August 31) had the tents up and everything about the camp in fairly good order.

Open the
Camp on
Pine Point

I spent most of the day unpacking and arranging my personal effects and laying out work for the men but later in the afternoon I took a short sail in the cruising canoe across the Lake to the Outlet & Moose Point but seeing nothing of interest except a Blue Heron, a Black Duck & three White-bellied Swallows. C. & E. R. S. arrived on the Steamer at about 7 P. M. They left Boston on Saturday spent Sunday at Bangor and came down across all the Lakes & over the Poplar River Carry to-day.

SailingFree Swallow

The Point has not changed in the least since last year. No trace of any ice here since or fallen & one passes on clear & firm. Some vandals from Upton killed all our Partridges last autumn I hear. I examined the clearing by carefully & for a no signs of our birds' recent presence. During the night (moonlight) I heard a Barred Owl & a Scree,

Our feet
Partridge,
the old
chickens,
gone

1895
Sept. 3

Pine Point

Cloudless with strong but somewhat steady S. wind. Barometer, 68° at noon.

Warblers were migrating in some numbers last night and a mixed flock of about thirty birds spent the day in the birch grove on the Point "drifting" back & forth & feeding busily from morning until night. I reviewed them carefully & identified Parus atricapillus (6 or 8), Setta canadensis (3 or 4), Empidonax strigatus (2 juv), D. virens (1), D. coronatus (1 ad. ♂), Geothlypis americana (2 juv), Helminthophila ruficapilla (1), Vireo olivaceus (2 or 3), Regulus satrapa (5 or 6). One of the vireos sang lustily at intervals.

Birds about camp.

I spent most of the day at camp but late in the afternoon walked with C. & E. R. S. to Asbestos Point. Still later we sailed across to Moose Point in one of the large new boats. It was delightful on our back the wind having fallen to a gentle & refreshing soft falling breeze. The mountains were veiled in a blue-colored haze.

Although the moon was full & the night clear & still we heard no Owls. Great Horned Owls, however, were continually passing & re-passing the Point during the hours when I was awake.

Gr. Blue
Horned Owls
night

1895.

Sept. 4

Pine Point.

Clear with light S. wind. Much warmer. Ther 80° at 11:00

Spent most of the day at camp working on the new deck room with the men. Later in the afternoon walked with C. & E. R. S. to Asbestos Point being a female Porcupine in the path near the Spring.

A small mixed flock of Littorin, Parulas etc. Spent the day in the basin just on the Point but I could find nothing about camp of interest among them.

Small birds

about camp

Hylas and Wood Frogs called & croaked incessantly during the afternoon & I heard one Bull Frog bellowing lustily in the direction of the Outlet.

Frogs

Soon after sunset I went with E. R. S. to the end of the Point and sat there on the rocks until it was nearly dark. There or four Hermes passed flying so low over the water that the tips of their wings ruffled its glassy surface. The grackling of Black Ducks & the hoarse bawling of the Hermes came at frequent intervals from the marshes about the Outlet. A Bonaparte Gull, concealed by the darkness but evidently flying about over the lake called cree, cree a dozen times or more.

Large birds

at evening

Gr. B. Herons

Bonaparte

Gull.

At 9 P.M. we all walked through the woods to the base of Cook's Point to see the beavers by moonlight. The moon was full & the woods brilliantly lighted whenever there were open spaces. There was not a breath of wind & the silence was fairly oppressive. Indeed we heard nothing but the occasional hiss of a migrating beaver, the grackling of Black Ducks in the direction of Moon Point & a sharp loud sound like the stroke of an axe on a resonant slab. The last was given only once.

Woods by

moonlight

1895

Sept. 5

Outlet

marshes.

Calmer, warmer & rather better, the sun peeping out on big intervals through the clouds which covered the sky most of the day.

At about 8 A.M. I took the sailing canoe and paddled across the Lake through Richardson's Crag and back by way of Leonard's Pond & New Pond. The water is higher than usual as the marshes near the Outlet are so wholly submerged that there is no feeding ground whatever for the greater numbers of which I saw none excepting a solitary bird which looked like a Semipalmated Sandpiper & which was flying high up. Sandpiper
Big Black Ducks were swimming well out in the Lake & I started three head Ducks from their favorite work among the fallen logs on the island in Leonard's Pond. Two King birds were sitting on the stumps at the entrance to this little pond & an Osprey, two Bald Eagles, two Brown Marsh Hawks & numerous Kingfishers were perched ^{near} a flying about its shores. King birds
Osprey, Eagles
Marsh Hawks
Kingfishers

But the most interesting sight was that of a flock of at least seventy or eighty Swallows which were skimming about over the open marshes. I detached on Bank Swallows and there a few Barn Swallows among them but practically the whole swarm was made up of Barn Swallows. Faxon tells me that this species has been unusually abundant in Mass. this year. It would seem to have increased greatly here as well for I never saw any thing like so many about Montezuma before & I have rarely seen it at all since in the summer. Swallows
Success of
Petrochelidon
lunifrons

Will Sargent saw a large Gray Squirrel on Pine Point this forenoon. He tells me that two were killed in Upton last autumn & that he found a third floating dead in the Lake. Gray Squirrels

Pine Point

1895

Sept. 5

(No 2.)

Regularly every morning with the first appearance of the sun, (early if it be clear, sometimes not before 9 a.m. if the fog hangs long) six or eight Chickadees, four or five Golden Crests, three or four Canada Nuthatches, a Creeper or two & a Downy & Hairy Woodpecker come into the Birch grove on the end of Pine Point and spend from one to three or four hours there. Almost invariably they rooster on the tops of spruce & hemlock until noon. These birds are, as I have just said, quite regular in their appearance but the various warblers which accompany them have gone day by day, or so, for some time.

Camp birds

A striking instance of this occurred to-day. The flock during its morning visit contained less than a dozen warblers among which I recognized only D. virens, D. caeruleus, D. striata and Comptolopha. But when it returned at about three P.M. there were more than a hundred Sylvia birds. Indeed I have rarely seen so large a mixed flock in this region. The woods over a space of an acre or more were highly swarming with birds and it was not uncommon to see a dozen or more in the tops of our small birch. Such a chirping and twittering as they kept up, with now & then a whistled song from a Parula Warbler or a few low notes from a Red-eyed Vireo! Although there was not a breath of wind the foliage was constantly agitated by the active movements of the little birds which hopped and flitted from twig to twig or chased one another back and forth with restless energy. The warblers, in short, were the swarms or near the terminal twigs, the Titmice & Nuthatches on the trunks or larger branches where they made a great clatter as resting among the loose scales of birch bark. The flock as a whole, as well as its members individually - was exceedingly active & restless moving on from tree to tree through the woods so rapidly that at times one had to walk fast to keep

Immense

mixed flock
of Warblers etc.

1893.

Sept 5
1893

up with the throng. Under these conditions it was difficult to identify any large number of its members but with the aid of my glass I made out the following: Dendroica virens (10 or 12 all ♀♀ or young), D. caerulescens (6), D. maculosa (6), D. flammula (4 juv), D. castanea (2 juv), Empidonax hammondi (5 or 6), Hel. hyemalis (1 ad & 1 juv), D. coronata (4), Sylvania canadensis (1 juv & 1 juv), Vireo olivaceus (4), V. solitarius (1 juv).

It is evident that the Chickadees, Nuthatches, Kinglets, Crows & Woodpeckers, which do not vary in number, are local birds which make their daily rounds over nearly the same ground and that the Thrushes, Orioles etc. are migrants which come in from the north during the night and spend only one day or a portion of a day in the neighborhood.

Kingfishers are unusually numerous about the Lake this autumn. Every little nook or indentation of the shore has its bird and the larger coves have three or four who are continually fighting & chasing one another about in the attempt to maintain or secure the best fishing grounds. When the Lake is calm as it has been to-day one can hear the plunge of a Kingfisher half-a-mile or more away - a dull, full thump like that of a large stone thrown into the water.

Every evening a little after sunset two or three Kingfishers come to Pine Point to spend the night. They fly directly into the forest and go to roost among the densest foliage, often in a spruce or aspen timber, from four to ten rods back from the shore.

Kingfishers
roosting in
forest on
Pine Point

1895

Sept. 6

Pine Point.

Another clear, calm, and very warm day. Therm 80° at 2 P. M.

I spent most of my time to-day developing photographs Photography.
 But in the afternoon walked to Ogden's Point with C. &
 E. R. S. to see the sunset which was very beautiful. In the
 dark cove north of the Point we heard a tremendous yawning
 and on investigation I found that it was made by Herring
 two Great Blue Herons which flew from a dead tree as Eagle
 I showed myself on the rocks at the point. A Brown
 Eagle was perched near them & I suspect that he had
 been quarreling with them as I thought I heard his
 choking, scolding, & whining in the general melody.

A Great Horned Owl was hooting at about 10 o'clock to-night. Bute hooting
 in the direction of the Outlet. For the past three nights
 I have heard Swainson's Thrushes migrating in large numbers migration
 and on the night of the 5th there was a heavy flight
 of warblers.

The fog heavy late on the lake this morning yet I saw
 warblers stand out under it from the end of a point
 heading due South. At about 9 A. M. a strange, low, yet
 penetrating, hoarse or tooting sound like that made by Herring
 with a long note coming from the fog enshrouded lake
 drew strange to birds & people as well as rings of turpentine
 to put off in one of the boats to investigate it. After
 paddling nearly a mile we came upon two loons on
 which was making this sound. While on this expedition
 we repeatedly heard & saw warblers flying singly, two
 down across the lake through the fog. Some of them
 kept a straight course towards the S. Others were evidently, compassed
 & wandering about.

Warblers
 crossing the
 Lake in
 a fog.

Strange cry
 of a loon

1895.
Sept. 7

Cloudy and warm threatening rain which, however did not come.
Wind S. E. rather strong in P. M.

Pine Point.

In the early morning I heard a Brown Creeper sing ten or twelve times near the camp. He was in nearly full voice. A flock of five Robins flew one towards the N. A Thrasher (the first I have noted here this year) called and "shouted" over in broken tones. White-winged Crossbills were flying about chattering. A Three-toed Woodpecker (P. arcticus) came about the camp calling and rapping on the dead trunks. The usual flock of Chickadees & Nuthatches came as of course here. There were perhaps thirty warblers with them but I did not have an opportunity to review the former carefully.

Camp birds
Brown Creeper
Sings

Wh. W. Crossbills
Picoides.

Warblers

I spent the day making some changes in my canoe rigging and attending to other small matters. At about 5 P. M. Jim rowed (or rather sailed) me over to Moose Point where we concealed ourselves among some rocks on the bank at the western end of the little pond near the end of the Point. For an hour or more nothing stirred except an occasional Heron or Eagle warning in the distance or a Savanna Sparrow rising and dropping again into the grass after a short flight. At length a pair of Black Ducks crossed the marsh some distance off. Next five Wood Ducks came to the pond holding their wings as if intending to alight but they suddenly turned & flew around us in a great circle finally dropping into the twin pools to the westward. A few moments later a perfect swarm of Black Ducks came flying down the creek from Diamond's Pond. There were two flocks containing respectively about fifteen & forty birds. The smaller flock alighted in the lake & four birds swam in nearly within shot when they discovered our boat & rising made off. It was now nearly dark.

Evening at
Moose Point

Heron
Eagles
Black Ducks.
Wood Ducks

A swarm
of
Black Ducks

1898.

Sept 7

(No 2)

but for the next ten or fifteen minutes Black Ducks kept coming in from every direction & flying about the dock, but few alighting. I fired both barrels at four which passed one in rather high & missed both. A pair swung past me within good range but somehow I did not get the gun on them & they dropped out of our pond when I could not see them in the gloom.

Before the Ducks began arriving a Great Horned Owl alighted in the pond within twenty yards of us. He was only partially concealed by the bushes but we lay perfectly still and for three or four minutes the big bird stood erect & motionless staring at us intently but evidently unable to make out just what we were. Finally he sprang into the air and made off rising in a broad spiral coming back over us again & again at a constantly increasing height. His curiosity was apparently still unsatisfied but he was nevertheless much alarmed for he kept uttering a low coc-coc during the whole time that he remained in sight.

The Lake is fairly rapidly & the water is much as usual in good condition for ducks but not a single small order of any description was seen in hand to-night.

There has been little shooting within our hearing these past four or five days although there has been a good number of ducks during the time.

Previous to to-day I have seen but one Mallard but early this forenoon a flock of 22 passed the point flying from the Lake into Gospy Cr., as they are in the habit of doing when the wind comes strong from the S. E. & the upper end of the Lake becomes too rough for them.

Moose Point

Big flight

of meadow

Ducks

Ardea herodias

Gospy Cr.

1895.

Sept. 8

A glorious day with strong, steady W. wind and remarkably clear air.

Spent the forenoon about camp. In the afternoon Jim wound me to Whob's Back Cove where we saw nothing but a Flicker, a Spotted Sandpiper, three or four Great Blue Herons & as many Kingfishers. The sandy shore was covered with Heron tracks and there was one old bird track which I took to be that of a Golden Plover.

We sailed back past Moon Point to the Outlet where we found a Black Tern in immature plumage flying about over the marshes plunging down and bounding straight up again like a playful Sparrow Hawk.

We were rowing down the river when a Whistler was about 200 yards ahead, crossed the marsh, creaked out over the Lake & returning passed within thirty yards of us when I shot it. It is singular that this Duck and the Goldeneye, although exceedingly shy birds when one attempts to approach them on the water, will often fly past an unoccupied boat within easy range.

At sunset we pushed the boat into Richardson's Carry & then awaited the evening flight of Ducks. Black Ducks soon began coming from various directions, singly, in pairs, and in small flocks. The greater number dropped into the Moon Point marsh & a good many into the muddy pools opposite the entrance to Leonard's Pond. For a long time none came near us but at length a single bird gave us a long shot. Feathers came from him as I fired but he kept on evidently unhurt. A little later four birds came directly over us. I fired at one which instantly dropped

Whale-back
Cove

Ocellar
Hydrochelidon
sinuatus

Whistler
shot.

Richardson's
Carry.

Evening flight
of water-fowl

Duck shooting

1895

Sept. 8

No 2.)

fifteen or twenty feet turning a complete somersault, then recover, fling off with great swiftness circling first over the marsh & then out over the lake where he finally struck the water with great force cutting a long, silvery furrow. He paddled out after him at once & found him perfectly dead. He had now become so dull that we started for the camp.

During the evening flight I heard Wood Ducks squealing & also Carolina Rail chattering in the grass near us. But not a single Snipe or other waterfowl was seen or heard. They must come down now for the water has fallen rapidly these past two days and the mud flats are nearly bare over acres in extent.

Charlie saw a flock of seven Partridges near the Spring this afternoon & will give "Sea Ducks" of large size swimming off the Point. He says they had white wing patches so they were doubtless White Scoters.

Just as I was going to sleep to-night (about 10 o'clock) I heard a Night Heron grawking in the direction of the Outlet. A Great Horned Owl hooted a few times near Mule's Rock a little after sunset.

Quail marsh

Richardson's

Curry

Wood Ducks

Carolina Rail

Snipe

Partridges

White winged

Scoters

the lake

Night Heron

Bubo hooting

1895

Sept. 9

Cloudy with occasional light showers.

Chattermarshes

At about 8 a.m. I paddled across the Lake in the cruising canoe. At the Outlet I found a Whistler which either could not or would not fly but chirped down very actively. I chased him about for some time firing one long shot at him. This shot started up some birds from the marsh. I heard the whistling of Summer Yellow-birds & Grass Birds & at length saw four of the latter alight on a mud flat. Before I could get near them they were again & made off. Afterwards I saw a heard of them high or eight times but always flying at long distances.

WadersLess. YellowlegsRedpolls

As I was scanning the mud banks at the outlet closely looking down in them I discovered a Wilson's Snipe standing in a crouching attitude on the bare mud. Presently he squatted flat in a little hollow, & I then saw another Snipe, also squatted, within a foot of the first. The bow of the canoe was within less than two yards of these birds when they rose and made off at great speed. I fired only one barrel & missed. Afterwards I found one of this pair & killed it. I also started two fresh birds on the opposite bank of the river & bagged both firing four shots in all for my three Snipes.

Gallinulesducks

At evening Jim rode in across to Moose Point where we took a station near the twin ponds in the marsh. About 50 Black Ducks came into or near this marsh but I got only one shot - at four birds which came directly over me. I dropped my first but missed with the second barrel. I ought to have fired at twelve Ducks which came directly over the pond & let their wings "bunking" beautifully but I thought they were going to alight & missed my chance. Two Harvers passed over as I was firing one Snipe.

Evening atMoose Point.Black DucksI shot one

1895

September 10 A superb day, cloudless very warm but with a fresh N. wind after 10 a. m.

Orillia
marshes

Jim & I started off in the hunting boat at 8 a. m. crossing the lake to Richardson's Carry, which we reached just as the fog began breaking up. About midway of the passage we came upon a White-throated Sparrow floating dead on the calm surface. It occurred to me that these birds which we find drowned in the lake after foggy nights may meet their fate by descending through the fog at daybreak & striking the water before they make out what it is, rather than by wondering about in circles until they become exhausted. This idea was suggested to me by the reflection that the color of the water when it is calm & encased in fog is precisely like that of the fog itself. Looking down at the lake for a single moment I find that I can make out the water at all through the fog unless it is agitated by the swirl of a fish or by a breath of air.

Zonotrichia
albicollis
drowned in
the lake.
Potamo
why birds
are so often
drowned in
this way.

As we neared the entrance to Leonard's Pond a Pigeon Hawk Falco columbarius alighted on a stub which stood on the river bank. We approached to within easy range when I saw that the bird was a fine adult male but before I could raise the gun it flew and I missed it as it was making off. Less than one hundred yards further on I was surprised to see at least a dozen Yellow-rumped Warblers in a dying & nearly leafless maple which overhung the water. They were hopping & flitting about but did not appear to be especially active or excited and were making no noise. While I was looking at them my eye was attracted to an upright, motionless form in the center of the tree & this I made out through my glass to be another Pigeon Hawk, a young bird, apparently a male. It was evidently the object which had excited the interest of the Warblers.

1893
Sept. 10
(W 2)

but they did not appear to be in the least afraid of it for they repeatedly approached within from a few feet of it always however keeping above it. The Hawk did not seem to notice them but kept its gaze fixed on the ground beneath as nearly as I could judge from the position of its head. I was on the point of shooting at it when, like the others, it escaped by taking flight but my shot cut several feathers from it & it went off as if badly wounded dripping with a thrush of blood when we could wither find nor finish it.

Early this morning I had seen still a third Pigeon Hawk Falco columbarius behaving in a curious manner. I was taking my bath in our cave where I heard a shrill ki-ki-ki very like that of the Sparrow and Crow Hawk for which, indeed, I at first mistook it. But as soon as I got my glass on the bird I saw that it was unquestionably together a Pigeon Hawk. It was either playing or fighting with a Crow, I think the former for both birds appeared to be enjoying the sport. They took turns in attacking one another when the one attacked would invariably flee, doubling & twisting to avoid its pursuer. After each of these bouts they would alight on the sticks facing one another & usually, only a few feet apart. During the plunges the Hawk would scream & the Crow uttering a rolling caw. Finally they would fly off in different directions.

While looking for the wounded Pigeon Hawk, we entered Leonard's Pond & down into a flock of a dozen Wood Ducks.

In the first little pond hole on the Myalloway (the one nearly opposite the traps) by hut I shot a remarkably large & fine Black Duck. It came swimming out of a bed of rank grass behind me as I was shooting the water edge & took wing with loud quacking.

Falco
columbarius
& Colinus

Falco
columbarius
and Crow
playing

Black Duck
shot

Megalloway River.

1895.

Sept. 10

1893/

One night they were at Pine Hill Pond where I quickly discovered a bird which I took at the time for a Wood Duck, but which afterwards proved to be a Black Duck, lying asleep with its head buried in its feathers on an inclining tree trunk fully eight feet above the water. As I could do nothing else in the pond I made a detour & tried to reach the bank above the sleeping duck. But the woods at this point proved to be encumbered by a wind fall which made it impossible to advance further with the necessary absence of wind. I therefore kept further on & came out at a place where I could do nothing of my bird. But on the opposite shore near the spot where I had first approached the pond I discovered five Wood Ducks standing in a row on a log. Back I went ~~and~~ over & approaching easily & quickly under excellent cover was soon within thirty yards of the log on which the Wood Ducks stood but all were now fast asleep. It seemed like murder to fire ~~into~~ the brown mass of inwound, unresponsive birds but our camp leader was bold & I steeled my heart. The first barrel laid out four and I dropped the fifth as it rose, leaving all five after two more shots at the wounded ones. As I was creeping up to three Wood Ducks I saw the Black Duck stretch up his neck & then with crowd wings dip plump into the water making as much noise as a big stone would have done. My first shot started the other Wood Ducks from the opposite side of the pond. Although it was barely dawn o'clock I did not fire another shot during the day. We lunched at Pulpit Rock & ~~then~~ afterwards I tried the meadow just above but found only a Partridge there. It rose from the grass on a point where I had previously

Pine Hill Pond.Black Duck
asleep on logWood DucksI saw all
of a flock
of five with
two shots.Black Duck
on snag.Butternut

1895

Sept 10

(No 4)

seen its head & well pointing straight upward but after inspecting them through my glass and even considering the possibility that they belonged to a Bittern I decided that what I saw was really a stalk, not a "Stake Driver".

In Bottle Brook Pond we found twelve Black Ducks, a Hood Duck & a Whistler but I failed to get a satisfactory shot at them although at my first attempt I got within ten or fifteen yards of them. The trouble was that they were under some bushes & tall reeds where I could get only an occasional fragmentary glimpse of a head or neck. It was exciting enough for they made a great splashing & rolled over large ripples incessantly under my very nose. Every now & then I heard the wispy muffled poof which Black Ducks so often make by striking the air with their half spread wings. Finally they broke off across the pond & when I went around it was back again. He finally left them undisturbed.

Bottle Brook Pond

Black Ducks

As we were coming down the river in the late afternoon the sun had set, indeed - a Broad-winged Hawk alighted on a stub one the water & almost immediately afterwards catches a frog & drops down & strikes the mud with a loud thrump. As we were approaching the spot it rose & flew across the river into the woods carrying what looked like a frog in its talons. During the day I saw two other Hawks which I took to be of this species sailing about at a great height.

Bittern

latissimus

frog

We saw only one Duck - a Whistler - in the boggy. This surprised me for the former seldom goes up this river now.

Whistler

1895

Sept. 10

(No 5)

During the day we were rarely out of sight or sound of Crossbills. Both species appear to be equally common. While I was watching the ducks at Bottle Neck Pond a Red Crossbill sang for nearly an hour in our place repeating its song at short regular intervals. There was little or no wind at the time and although the bird was perched on a spruce on the opposite side of the pond fully 100 yds. from me its song filled my ears. It was fully as loud as the song of a Purple Finch. I heard it to much better advantage here than in the case of the birds singing at Upton on August 29th for the singing there was more or less medley singing by several birds at once & moreover there were other noises ~~besides~~ the voices of men & cattle whereas here my son had the whole sleeping forest to himself. His song did not vary in the least with the different repetitions but was invariably of eight notes or perhaps I should rather say of four notes repeated twice without any appreciable pause between the two phrases. The ~~three~~ ^{four} phrases in each phrase were short & full & resembled those of Spruce Thrush, the ~~two~~ ^{two} closing notes were exceedingly like one of those in the song of *Meospiza fasciata*. These latter are the same that I compared (Aug. 29) to those of the Seaside Finch but they are much more musical & more like the tone of the Song Sparrow. The effect of the whole song is highly pleasing & the bird descends fairly high back as a songster among *Thryothorus*. I should think that if it were heard too often ^{however} the song might become fairly a little tiresome. The notes are given with a curious distinctness & deliberation as if the bird were keeping its voice within rigid restraint.

Loxia

minor

canadensis

Song of

Lo. minor

1895.

Sept. 11.

A dull, cloudy day, warm & pretty with better wind.

I did not go out until evening when Jim rowed me over to Moon Point. Although we saw not a single Duck last night on our way across the Lake I could hardly believe that they had really stopped coming to the marshes as evening. Such is undoubtedly the case however for to night only one alighted there & a small bunch (five or six) flying high & passing on towards the north over all the others that we saw. The reason why they have discontinued coming is obvious enough; the Lake has fallen so considerably this last week that their former feeding grounds are now bare mud flats. Ducks will not feed where they cannot swim.

Ducks cease
visiting Moon
Point as
evening

A few Herons came to the marsh but we heard no woodcock except what I took to be a Golden Plover although its call was not just right for that species. The bird, whatever it was, flew about high in air for a long time & finally went off down the beach.

Herons

Golden Plover?

1895

Sept. 12

Cloudy and sultry with light variable winds which finally settled in the N. W. and blew hard after dark bringing cooler weather.

Ouled
Marshes &
Leonard's
Pond.

At 8 A. M. I started off in the evening canoe taking first to Wholes Rock Cove & then back to the Outlet which I had nearly reached when happening to look back I saw a flock of birds coming swiftly up behind me following the line of the shore. Their low, swift, glancing flight and the close order in which they moved told me at once that they were Blue-winged Teal. I had barely time to get out the double gun from under the deck of the canoe when they were upon me & moved abruptly to the right. I fired only one barrel bringing down two birds. The other six (there were but eight altogether) circled around me and alighted somewhere beyond the mouth of the river. I followed them at once but could not find them although I searched every pool and indentation in the marsh.

A shot at
Blue-winged Teal

While thus engaged I saw a Black Duck & a Pintail flying together, a flock of six Golden Plover which crossed back & forth across the wide marshes often beating their wings but were once alighting & six Grass Birds which kept the Plover company at times.

Pintail Duck
Golden Plover
& Grass Birds

I then paddled to Leonard's Pond. The Black Duck & Pintail rose from the river & dropped into the pond. I landed & tried to find them but I could see nothing but a flock of twelve Black Ducks sitting on some logs on the opposite side of the pond. Finally a light brown spot on a mud bank on my

Pintail

1895.

Sept. 12

(No. 2)

side caught my eye. I studied it carefully through the glass but it did not move nor could I make it out to be a bird. Nevertheless I decided to stalk it which I did when I found that it was a Solitary Blue-winged Teal diving in the lagoon. When it raised its head I fired & killed it.

A Solitary
Teal asleep
on the sand.

The shot drove out the Black Ducks of course and finding being nothing else in the pond that I wanted except their exquisite food Lily Blossoms. I put up the sail and spread back to the Outlet. On the way I saw a flock of about twenty Swallows skimming over the washes. The majority were Barn Swallows but there was at least one White-belly among them. It flew in a cackling high in air and after circling many times gave me a long shot which I missed. I had got well out on the Lake on my way to camp when a flock of six Teal the survivors, no doubt, of the band of eight that I shot into this morning came flying in from the open water and alighted near a grassy island behind me. Taking down the sail I paddled back. They came out from behind the grass thickets of their necks to look at me and then swam back out of sight. I urged the canoe forward with all my strength & reaching the glass was on my knees and peeped through it. The Teal were swimming directly away from me with their necks raised so I fired at once killing two with my first barrel and a third as the remaining pair took wing. This little bit of Teal shooting to-day revived old associations & gave me a genuine thrill of the sportsman's pleasure which I hardly feel now. There was one old man among my natives and I made him up into a beautiful skin.

Black Ducks

Gave
Swallows

Another shot
at the flock
of Teal

1895
Sept. 14

Yesterday and to-day have been essentially alike clear and cold with a raging N.W. wind which died away at times yesterday & to-day to a gentle breeze by four P.M. to day. The thermometer stood at 38° at day break yesterday; this morning it fell to 32° (Fahr.).

Outlet &
Leonard's Pond

I sailed across to the Outlet yesterday morning & paddled down the river to Richardson's Carry but saw no living thing save our Blue Heron. At evening five found us across. We found three Blue-winged Teal, no doubt the three which escaped me on the 12th, sitting on the water close to the grassy island but they flew before we could get near them. A single Black Duck & a Whistler came over the marsh at evening but we saw nothing else except a few Blue Herons, & a Kingfisher which found our the water near as usual things & finally got his fish. This was long after sunset & I could not understand how he could possibly do a thing beneath that black, muffled surface.

Blowing Teal
again

This morning I again sailed across the lake & finding nothing on the marshes paddled to Leonard's Pond. Landing I approached the inner channel under cover and peeped out but could see nothing except a Whistler which was dining out in the open water. After watching him awhile I returned to the canoe and paddled around the point. Fatal mistake! No sooner had I sought myself into full view of the inner channel than I discovered a perfect swarm of Ducks swimming close in shore or standing on the mud bars. The tall wild rice had apparently concealed them when I had looked out on the pond from the shore. There were about 20 Wood Ducks & fully 40 or 50 Black

A swarm of
Ducks in
Leonard's Pond.

1898

Sept. 14

(no 2)

Ducks, altogether the largest assemblage of water-fowl that I have seen in Leonard's Pond then twenty years.

The Wood Ducks, curiously enough, flew first. Some of the Black Ducks immediately followed them but a dozen or more remained and watched me for two or three weeks although I was out in the open water & not 80 yards from them. Indeed I had some hopes of drawing the canoe back out of sight & afterwards landing & stalking them but they all took wing before I could accomplish this.

On my way back to camp I saw a flock of big Ereunetes flying over the marshes.

Wood Ducks
Black Ducks

Ereunetes

Soon after dinner I started out with Jim in the large boat. Just inside Moon Point we spied two Whistlers swimming near shore. I landed and tried to stalk them but they waddled gradually away from shore & out of gunshot. Jim being this paddled gently towards them. They had now gone to sleep and turned slowly around & around with their heads under their scapular feathers dipping with the wind. They paid little attention to the boat until it was within 60 yards or less when they began swimming away from it. They passed us out of range but Jim circled around them & drove them back when they came within 30 yards & I shot one on the water & the other as it rose. They were evidently fresh arrivals from the north for none of our local Whistlers would have acted in this manner.

Two Tame
Golden eyes

We next went to Leonard's Pond. I landed and approached the wild rice belt carefully but two Wood Ducks, the only ones there, saw me & flew before I got near them. After looking the place over thoroughly I hunted for Jim to bring the boat. The next instant a flock of 15 to 18 Wood Ducks came

Wood Ducks
stalking in
Leonard's Pond

1885

Sept 14

(No 3)

hurting down on her wings and alighting with a great flourish
for a moment & still for a moment & then down in down. At
the same moment a violent squall with a dash of rain came
sweeping over the pond. Steeping low I hurried forward and
in less than a minute reached a thicket behind which I could
stand erect. Peeping out I saw two birds standing on the mud
close together & at once shot at them. The flock rose in
great confusion when I brought down a single bird. The
two at which I had fired the first barrel lay on the mud
dead but the last bird was only wounded & I had to
fire two more shots to kill it. A fourth bird by some
happy fellow went off badly wounded to my great regret. It
is the first duck that I have wounded & lost this year
although I have had no dog.

1893

Sept. 15 Cloudless and warm with light, variable winds & frequent intervals of dead calm.

At 8 a.m. I started off with Jim taking my small (4x5) Two Deer in
 camera. He went first to Glassy Cove. Soon after turning Glassy Cove
 the outer point Jim exclaimed "there's a deer." The next
 instant I saw it standing at the water's edge with its
 head down. The wind blew directly towards it & it presently
 raised its head looked intently at us & walked slowly off
 along the shore shaking deep into the mud at each step &
 drawing out its slender legs slowly. It was a small doe,
 a "yearling," Jim said. It had gone only a few rods when
 it was joined by a another deer, also a doe but I find it.
 The two walked in behind a large rock where they stopped
 and remained for fifteen or twenty minutes, peeping out at us
 curiously over the rock sometimes showing only their ears, at
 others their whole heads & a portion of their necks which
 looked brightly, slender & dark. We kept on standing
 but they would not move. Indeed we had to hammer loudly
 on the boat with the oars before they finally crested their
 tails and leaped off into the thicket.

We went as far as B. Brook Cove and after taking a
 number of photographs returned to dinner. We saw three
 Gray Boons swimming together and a Pileated Woodpecker
 which flew across the broadest part of the Bay flapping
 slowly & steadily like a crow.

Young Boons

In the afternoon we rowed to Brandy Bay & took more
 photos. Two flocks of Black Ducks, one of 11 the other of
 24 birds were floating out near the middle of the water Bay
 like boats. There was much firing on the marshes in the afternoon

Black Ducks
 "bedded in
 deep water"

1895

Sept. 17

A wild day with violent N.W. wind & great masses of dark clouds driving hurriedly across the sky.

Trip up the
Megalloway

We all went up the Megalloway for the day, C. & E. R. S. covered by Bill Sargent in the Cape boat, I in my cruising canoe. In the afternoon, a little below Leonard's Pond, I came upon a whistler close upon & shot it. It proved to be a wounded bird having the tip of the wing broken. It was in possession of the same note as the 10th.

A wounded
Whistler
shot.

Turning into Pine Hill Pond on Canard and landed on a large boat caught in the brush berries & sheltered from the wind by a low growth of young balsams & spruces. A solitary bird kept flitting close about us. It held its wings in a position holding us uncannily precisely like a bird on a wire. It was a young.

Pine Hill
Pond

After lunch we landed at Leonard's Pond and walked to the lake. I saw a number of small birds. One looking for a place to sit.

Small birds.
Coping

Started back at 4 P.M. meeting in on the way. On the way to Leonard's Pond I took a few photographs of the fine sunset & shot a Winter Yellow-legs in the left hand leg of the pond. The bird was very fat & I shot it in the head.

Leonard's P.
Ga. Yellow-legs
Wood Ducks

During the trip up the Megalloway I saw only 1. Ducks, both Wood Ducks. I also saw two Spotted Sandpeeps & one Solitary.

Spotted S.
Solitary S.

Errol Hill Pond.

1895

Sept. 19

Clear with light, variable winds & long intervals of calm. Very warm.

At 9 A.M. we started off on another all day's trip. Jim & Errol C. & E. R. S. in their boat, I in the crusier canoe. I found most of the way from camp to Sweet Meadows but we stopped so often to take photographs that it was noon when we reached the head of the meadow & lunched.

Photographing

After lunch E. R. S., Jim & I walked in through the woods to Errol Hill Pond which was looking its very loveliest in the clear afternoon light. A Great Blue Heron was standing erect in the marsh at the eastern end & three Whistlers & diving & fishing near him. At the western end a solitary Black Duck was feeding near shore. After spending a little time on the shore together we separated Jim taking E. R. S. back to Sweet Meadows while I chose a comfortable place on the shore under the overhanging rocks & waited for Jim to return & help me take some photographs. While he was gone a Deer came within a few rods of me passing behind me through the dense woods. I did not get so much as a glimpse at him but I could trace his progress by the sound of his footsteps. Once he stepped on a dead branch & broke it & repeatedly I heard his hoofs rattle against the stems of the small trees. After Jim came on found the tracks of a large Buck whom I had crossed in my path.

Errol Hill Pond

Waterfowl

Deer.

We took several photographs & started back just as the sun was sinking behind Errol Hill. All the Ducks flew when we showed ourselves the Black Duck going straight off, the Whistlers rising in a great circle before they could get above the trees & ridges.

While I was waiting at the pond I heard & saw a

Errol Hill Pond.

1898

Sept. 19

(No 2)

great many small birds, - Blue jays, a Rusty Blackbird, many Red-bellied Nuthatches, a few juncos etc. Every now & then a flock of White-winged Red Crossbills would fly overhead. The country is literally swarming with them this autumn.

Small birds atErrol Hill PondCrossbills

The Red-bellied Nuthatches were catching flying insects (which they did as actively as Flycatchers) and extracting seeds from the spruce cones which they took to their rough-barked trees and stored away in small crevices for future use. I have seen them at the latter employment many times during the present month.

SittaCanadensisCatching fliesStoring spruce seeds.

Two Hawks came sailing over the forest meadow which is on the farm a fine old Red-tail H. & a Sparrow Hawk I thought although I did not make it out with entire certainty.

Hawks.Red-tail H.

We found an old Otter track on the banks of the Anasaggin & Mill Sargent runs on (that is, a track) the other day on ~~the~~ Mirror Pond.

Otter tracks

Yesterday I saw a Black Woodchuck run over the rocks at our landing on Pine Point.

Black Woodchuckat Pine Point

Thirteen Squirrels I saw. One was seen at our landing, one in a tree on the window sill while the men were at dinner.

ThirteenSquirrels

It is thought that Waders are to scarce this year. As we came through the marshes this evening I heard nothing but their or few Wilson's Snipe.

Scarcely ofWaders

Pine Point.

1895

Sept. 20

A glorious September day, clear, warm, with only an occasional puff of wind to ruffle the calm surface of the Lake.

Having much writing and other work to do I did not get far away from Camp. But nevertheless the day was richer in interesting observations than any previous day this month. This was partly owing to chance but partly also to the fact that the woods on the point were alive with birds from morning to night. For the past week or so there have been few small land birds except our local Titmice, Crows, Nuthatches etc. and I had begun to think that most of the September migrants had passed by especially as I heard no Robins or Thrushes migrating at night.

But last night the Cissp of Robins was almost incessant and this morning they swarmed in our woods.

They kept high in the trees at first & I could not make out many of them but at length a flock of about 100 descended into the birch second-growth near the end of the Point where I was able to review them with some success. I positively identified Dendroica blackburni (1 ♀), D. castanea (1 juv), D. virens (1 ad ♂, 6 or 8 ♀♀ juv ♂♂), D. caerulea (several), D. coronata (several), Vireo olivaceus (2), V. solitarius (1) V. philadelphicus (1) Dryobates pubescens (2) and the usual mot of Titmice, Nuthatches & Kinglets. I got very near the Philadelphia Vireo and had a good view of him.

It is singular that I see so few specimens of D. striata here in summer. No doubt many escape my notice in these dense old woods but still they cannot be very common.

For several days past small flocks of Juncos have been about us. To-day I saw actually the first House Wren, a solitary bird flitting about near a fallen log.

Camp birds.

Heavy flight
last nightand big
mixed flock
on the point
this morning.Scarcity of
Dend. striata
in autumn

Paul Bent,

1895
Sept. 20
(Ms 2)

At about eight o'clock this morning I was standing on the bank of the river watching some birds when I heard distinctly overhead a sound as of a gust of wind blowing through pine woods. As there was no wind at the time I concluded that an Eagle or Osprey had swooped down through the trees. But an hour later the mystery was explained when happening to see a dozen Blue jays rise above the trees I watched them closely. Coming in together like so many Blackbirds they ascended in a compact flock by a spiral course to a height of several hundred feet and then half closing their wings dashed down a steep incline like so many swooping falcons at the same time making the loud whistling sound which I had heard earlier in the morning. I think that on both occasions they were intending to start on migration but made "false starts", changing their minds for some reason or other.

Rufous
behaviour of
Cyanocitta
cristata

Our cook's little daughter came to camp this morning bringing about a quart of horse nuts. Charlie (the cook) threw some of these to a Chipmunk which has been in the habit of visiting the camp nearly every day. The little fellow showed such extreme eagerness in pouncing upon these nuts (which do not grow in this immediate locality) that Charlie had no difficulty in approaching him within a foot or two and in less than five minutes the Squirrel would allow him to thrust his back or even to pick him up, providing the tempting bait was supplied at the same time. Indeed it was not long before he would take the nuts from the fingers of any of our party. When we covered a pile of them with our hands he would not so much with all his strength to remove the obstruction. Sometimes he nibbled our fingers but never with any real ill humor. He took the nuts away in his cheek pouches, six to eight each trip, & carried

W. t. m. a
Chipmunk

Pine Point.

1895
Sept 20
(1893)

them for back into the woods. He ran over our feet & over climbed half way up a leg of my camera while I was getting it ready to photograph but

Early in the afternoon I sitting in the woods writing this journal when a Partridge stopped up on a rock within twelve feet (measured) of me and began grunting & staring at me with curiosity & suspicion. After watching him for several moments I tried to retreat & get my camera but she took alarm & running a few yards flew off into some dense undergrowth. The bird had a dark eye on the inside a little later but he was not on the old log & was probably not the bird that drummed there last year.

Partridge

As twilight was falling at evening a Whippoorwill sang eight or ten notes within a few rods of my tent.

Whippoorwill
sings at eve

Wood Frogs croaked feebly in the early afternoon but I heard no Hylas.

Wood Frogs
croaking

1895

Sept. 21

Forenoon much like that of yesterday, but warmer, the therm. rising to 82° at 12.30. A strong, steady west wind in afternoon.

At 7 A.M. while I was bathing in the lake a flock of 17 Blue Jays started from the woods on the Point and rose to a height of fully 2000 feet going up in a spiral course of about half-a-mile in width & making only one or two half turns during the ascent. They then started off towards the south-west flapping heavily until they faded out of sight in the distance. An hour later a flock of finches came over the Point at a height of about 200 feet & tettering their wings came bounding down, precisely like those seen yesterday. The sound they made was so loud that Jim Bernier who was lying in his tent came running out thinking, as he said, that a flock of Seabirds must be falling down into the lake. I am puzzled by their evolutions. What do they mean? Apparently the flock of 17 were starting on migration. Did some of them return or were the 14 birds another lot? If the latter why should one flock start on migration & another cease a journey at nearly the same hour? On all three occasions the jays, while migrating, crows, have been severely silent not a single scream did I hear on either evening.

There is only one other called warbler on the Point to-day. What became of the horde of yesterday. I did not hear them depart last evening although I listened long & anxiously. At about 9 o'clock to-night I saw a flying squirrel shoot like a meteor across the opening in front of our camp. He "flashed" about thirty yards before I lost sight of him descending in this distance from a height of 40 to a height of 10 feet.

Cyanocitta
cristata
migrating in
early morning

A flock pitches
down with
loud rushing
of wings

Camp birds

Flying
Squirrel.

Moose Point.

1895.

Sept. 22

Clear with strong W. wind. The warmest day ^{thus far} of this unusually warm month. Ther 88° at noon 74° at 8 P.M.

In the morning sailed over past the Outlet when I saw a single Kittiwake flying about over the marshes.

Jim rowed me to Moose Point at evening. Two flocks of Black Ducks passed over the marsh as we were crossing the Lake a little before sunset. After we had taken our position on the eastern bank about midway between the two points - not a single Duck of any kind was seen but we could hear Black Ducks quacking and thrashing the water with their wings out in the middle of the North Bay. We also heard Loons and a bird which I took to be a Horned Grebe calling cree - cree-cree at frequent intervals. Over the marsh bottles of every kind from the big Syrphus to the smallest were whirling about in great numbers clearly seen against the strong light in the west. Mosquitoes were numerous enough to be really troublesome.

Evening at
Moose Point

Ducks

Loons

Horned Grebe

Water bottles

A little after sunset a Great Blue Heron which had alighted Asio a little short time before on the South beach began making a great accipitrinus outcry. Presently it rose and ascended in circles to a height of 200 ft. or more followed, or rather preceded, by a Short-eared Owl and a Heron. which bullied it with amazing audacity, keeping always a little above it and swooping down every few seconds to deal it a blow on the back but whether with bill or claws I could not make out. The big, chunky Heron was apparently unable either to dodge or to defend himself. At last he did nothing but continue to circle croaking incessantly and at each attack squalling hostilely ~~that~~ he might have been heard a mile away.

1895

Sept. 22

(No. 21)

He was evidently badly frightened. The Owl must have been merely amusing himself for after a minute or two he left the Heron and shot off and down on a long strand towards Richardson's Crag.

Asus-
ception

Fifteen minutes later he reappeared skimming low over the Moon Point marsh, evidently hunting, every now & then giving them or four easy flops of his broad wings but for the most part gliding smoothly on set wings just above the tops of the grass inclining now to one side, next to the other and at length turning short about and going back over the same ground, reminding me much of the Marsh Hawk ^{which} similarly engaged twice or thrice he rose sharply to a height of ten or fifteen feet then turning downward shot back to the marsh again. This evolution was strikingly like that performed so often by the Night Hawk when skimming low over the fields after the light has faded and I believe that it had the same object, namely the capture of some flying insect, perhaps in this case one of the big Dytiscus beetles. The light darkness was now getting fast & it was hard to follow the Owl with the eye. Indeed I had ~~quite~~ lost sight of him for a minute or more when it occurred to me to try squeaking like a mouse. I had just squeaked the second time when the Owl shot out of the gloom ~~leaving~~ straight towards me about on a level with my head, ~~as~~ late in the boat. He came within less than 12 feet then turning abruptly with three or four hurried flops, skimmed off ~~again~~ into the darkness. Presently I squeaked again when he again came straight for me this time so near (certainly within six or eight feet) that I was positively a little apprehensive that he might strike my face. He did not see him again but after we had returned to camp a Heron on the marshes twice made such a loud & prolonged clamor that we suspected the Owl was at his old sport. |

1895

Sept. 23

Clear with strong S.W. wind. Still warmer than yesterday, the 88° at noon

A day down
the lochs near
Great Island.

We all went down the loch in the early morning C. & E.R.S. rowed by him in one of the large boats, I with him in the other. After landing on Metelhu Island, where I took some photographs and found a White-throated & Song Sparrow to be the only bird residents, we rowed through the channel at the head of Great Island - Blacky after a beautiful Black Ducks for a day or two. We landed for lunch on the west shore of the Great Cove. After lunch we rowed to the head of the cove and back into the loch where Jim & I hoisted sail and sped safe by a way back to camp which we reached at 4 P.M. having made the distance from Metelhu Island (three miles) in just half-an-hour.

Birds seen
Metelhu
Island.

Sail up the
loch in
big open
boat.

I took about a dozen photographs during the forenoon most of them at or near the north end of Great Island.

At the spot where we landed I started a Partridge from a mountain ash loaded with berries on which the bird was doubtless feeding. I followed him for some time into the woods on the mountain side but he was very shy & I failed to get even a glimpse of him.

Partridge

Two Gulls, a Sharp Shinned Hawk, and four Great Blue Herons were the only large birds seen in the Great Cove besides the Black Ducks which we kept starting.

Large birds

1895

Sept. 24

Clear and a little cooler with strong W. wind.

At about 7 A.M., just after I had come out of my tent, a Pigeon Hawk drove a flock of ten or twelve Blue Jays into the birch grove on Pine Point and for eight or ten minutes circled or hovered above them. So long as the jays remained perched he made no attempt to attack them although he must have seen them as more than half the leaves have fallen & the foliage was everywhere thin. But the jays appeared to be restless and venturesome and every half minute or so one of them would rise, ^{above the trees} and attempt to fly off. The instant he appeared the Hawk would swoop at him with such velocity that my eye could hardly follow him, gliding down a long, gentle decline, moving his wings steadily ^{yet} with a rapid, tremulous or vibrating motion. At each swoop I felt sure he would strike his prey & I repeatedly saw him shake his head abruptly and thrust out his talons in the attempt to do so but at the last moment the jay invariably eluded him by dropping suddenly into a tree top when the Hawk would shoot past, circle & rise again to make ready for another swoop. I have said that he kept above the jays but really he usually kept a little to one side of the flock (as it is to tempt them to fly to escape) so that his swoop was a diagonal shot with a drop of perhaps 60 or 80 feet for the total distance. 40 yards in length. He would make this distance while the jay was flying thru or over a few yards. It was one of the most beautiful & interesting spectacles of the kind that I have witnessed. The Hawk seemed to be in dead earnest & not in vain of what I have seen Pigeon & Duck Hawks do on previous occasions. I hoped that this bird was merely amusing himself. The jays did not seem to take him very seriously or to be much frightened. Finally he disappeared & they flew off in peace. An hour later I shot a young Pigeon Hawk.

Falco
columbarius
and Blue jays

Sweet Meadow T. Umbagog Pond

1895.

Sept. 24

(No 2.)

After breakfast Jim & I started for Sweet's Meadow in the Car. We had just passed through Richardson's Cove when the Pygmy Hawk first appeared. It was flying over the water & I saw it for the first time. It was very close to the water.

On reaching Sweet's Meadow we landed and crossed the brush ridge to Great Hill Pond striking it near the outlet where we found a shelter camp & a fire burning deeply & dangerously in the ground. As it threatened the destruction of the whole forest we went to work at once to put it out which we finally accomplished after about two hours of hard work.

Great Hill Pond

We then embarked on a raft which we pulled around the head of the pond stopping frequently to take photographs. There was only one Duck in the pond to day, a female a young one & Ring-neck. It made three attempts to leave the place rising & circling but evidently afraid to pass over us as it must do to reach the bag at the outlet. Finally it swam past us along the opposite shore & then rising went over a island. I noticed that its wing beats were much rapid than those of any other Duck found here except the Hooded Merganser. When in the pond it kept well out in the open water & ~~stretched~~ ^{with} its neck stretched up to the full length most of the time.

Anytha collaris

On the 19th I was riding over Sweet's Meadow a large Buteo which I called a Red-tail but which I noticed had a whitish rump. We found to-day what was doubtless the same bird rising on a ~~tree~~ at the head of Great Hill Pond. It flew presently & came past us within 100 yards. waving & rising giving me a good view of it through the glass. It looked very like an immature Red-tail but it was rather small for that species & the whole rump was dirty white.

A Buteo
with a
white rump.

1895.

Sept. 24

(No 3)

I had begun to fear that I should not meet with Parahudsonian Scarcity of this season but this morning I heard its familiar chop, chop, chop, Parahudsonian in the spruce forest on the south shore of Great Bear Pond. There were at least two birds calling but I did not see either of them. They with the three toed woodpeckers & Canada jays are unduly scarce this year. I have heard Picoides only at Pine Point & have seen the Canada jays only near Bear Brook.

Crossbills appear to much less numerous than they were early in the month but I heard both species to day at Great Bear Pond and as we were looking up the Andersons this afternoon a pair of White-wings which were lopping about on the bare mud at the water's edge. They were in excessively worn, ragged plumage.

1893

Sept. 25

Clear and warm with light S.W. to S.E. winds.

I had planned a trip to Cambridge River to-day for the purpose of getting more photographs of that beautiful little stream. C. had a bad headache & could not go so I started in one of the large boats with Jim & Will. at 7 A.M. The fog was unusually dense at the time and after sailing half an hour (at a speed of certainly six miles per hour) we were stopped by the fog but discharged to bring up at Moss Point! However the fog had now begun to clear & I had a fine view of the river. I was looking for a straight course down the river but the fog hung low & we saw but little of the shores until we reached Lakeville.

A day up
Cambridge River.Lost on the
fog

For a while we were in the fog but it cleared away & we were able to see the shore. I was looking for a straight course down the river but the fog hung low & we saw but little of the shores until we reached Lakeville.

On landing at Upton I went out over to the cellar where the Umbagog House formerly stood. The Crossbills were there - fifteen or twenty birds representing both species - eating dirt on the very same spot where they were similarly employed Aug. 30. The whole space which they have worked over is less than a yard square. I shot a pair of Red Crossbills but the male lodged & I did not get him. The female had the belly bare & wrinkled but when I skinned her I found that she had passed the stage of incubation by at least three or four weeks. Still the white wings shot yesterday she had not moulted but was in very ragged, worn breeding plumage. None of the Crossbills were singing to-day.

Lepus minor
at Cambridge

A great flock of Sparrows flew up from the woods about the old cellar and on inspecting them I found that there

1895

Sept. 25
(No 2) were at least a dozen Song Sparrows, probably as many White-crowned Sparrows, several Grass Finches and a Chipping sparrow with a few Savanna Sparrows.

Zonotrichia
Amphispiza
at Lake House

I am uncertain as to the exact number of White-crowned Sparrows because I may have started the same birds over again in following up the flock but there were certainly not less than six for I counted five young birds together in one bush and afterwards saw at least one adult. Five or a dozen times while I was at this place I heard a White-crown sing. He must have been an old bird for his song rang out full and clear on the still morning air. Indeed it was louder and more finished than the spring singing that I have heard in Mass. As on former occasions it reminded me much of the song of the Poëetes. These White-crowns were sluggish in their movements but nevertheless they were not apparently conspicuous to be in yet very near them.

Zonotrichia
Amphispiza

At 10 a. m. Jim & I started up Cambridge River. The water was very low and the vegetation thick by forest to that the heavy was less than 1/2 the at the time of last visit. We went up about two miles when coming to a place choked with drift wood we turned about & reached the dam at half-past three o'clock. Most of the intermediate time was consumed in taking photographs.

Cambridge
River

Taking
photographs

On the way up I had a long shot at three Black Ducks which were asleep on the mud as we rounded a bend but they awoke quickly enough & were off before I could fire the first barrel. I shot twice but missed.

Coming down I shot a solitary Blue-winged Teal in the cove just below the big "logan". It was sitting on the water among some Blue-w. Teal. A solitary

Cambridge River

1885

Sept. 25 Lily pads & only stretched up its neck when we rounded the
(No 3) bend & missed this bird which appeared to be an old female.

There were comparatively few small birds in the woods bordering Cambridge River to day. Nuthatches & Chickadees were numerous enough and we heard Crossbills frequently & Pine Squirrels and Purple Finches occasionally. Woodpeckers are not doing much better this year. I heard only one - a hairy - in the Cambridge River woods.

A Partridge drummed once within our hearing but we could not find his direction.

The muddy banks of the river were everywhere trampled over by Solitary Sandpeeps but we saw none of them & its associates. The same although there was one on the woods below. Two Deer, one a large animal, had left fresh tracks on the shores of the "Middle Lagoon" and Muskrat signs also were everywhere.

At 4 P.M. Will Sargent & I started up the lake. We sailed from B. Point to Great Island & rounded the corner of the bay. We saw two Loons & a few Ducks flying over the lake.

Small birds

Pine Squirrels
Purple Finches
Woodpeckers

Deer

Partridge

drumming

Solitary

Sandpeeps

Deer signs

Muskrat "

Loons

1895

Sept. 25 Cloudless with a strong N. to N.W. wind during the forenoon.
The Bar. rose from 27.4 to 28.0. The 3:00

Shortly after breakfast we were electrified by the sound of "sea-drums" in the air the wild jingling, musical, high bell jingle which has given their western food the name of High Bell Ducks in this region. They were apparently passing high over Pine Point but as one of us had them until ten or fifteen minutes later when Jim, by the aid of my glass, discovered the flock in the water at their favorite alighting place off N. Black Point. Hastily cutting a few bushes & standing them up in the bows of the Cape hunting boat we started after them. They rose & flew about twice before we got near them but at length we paddled down on them from the windward. They rose when we were still one or two yards off & came straight for us in a line at least 200 feet in length or rather width for they were all flying abreast. I dropped one with each barrel as they passed & a third fell a few hundred yards off. All three were old birds.

We followed them about all the forenoon & I got two more shots but very distant ones for they were very shy birds. I killed only one more. There were at least 75 birds in the flock. All were Pintail-bills (*Colinus americanus*) & at least 90% were old (i.e. black) males. There was a smaller flock (from 15 or 12 birds), all females or young, which kept apart from the big flock & were so very shy that we could not get within 200 yards of them.

As we were returning to camp at noon we saw a flock of about 30 Canada Geese. They passed over N. Black Cove and thence due south over the highest peak of Spotted Mountain without rising appreciably!

Large flock of
Am. Scaup.

I shoot

three of
them.

Canada
Geese

1895

Sept. 29

Cloudy with violent S. E. wind and heavy rain during last night & this morning

Late this afternoon a Winter Wren which had passed the day in or near our camp wood hole sang several times in an undertone but giving the first song in a finished manner.

Winter Wren
sings.

For several nights past a Skunk has visited the camp and dug down into a hole where our refuse is placed. This evening at about 8 o'clock Charley called me saying that he had just seen him thus engaged. I got a glimpse at him as he was scuttling

Skunk visits
the camp

7/1
In home later I took a position near the refuse hole being first placed a lantern so that it cast its light fairly over the spot. I waited some for half an hour or more. The Skunk did not return but I was amply repaid for my trouble by having a fine opportunity to watch a Flying Squirrel who came running slowly down the trunk of an ash tree and spent ten or fifteen minutes feeding on apple parings. He held them between his forepaws sitting erect with his back arched & tail pressed against it much in the manner of a Red or Gray Squirrel. All this time he was on the ground. When he wished to move from one place to another he accomplished it by taking one or two long hops (3 to 4 ft each) reminding me of a big frog. I did not see him walk or run on the ground. Altogether he appeared to be awkward & ill at ease there as if he were not accustomed to it.

Flying Squirrel

He was much less animated & interesting in his behavior than the diurnal Squirrels. He was perfectly silent the whole time save once when he took down & saw quickly up a tree squeaking like a bat. For the past three or four nights one of these Squirrels has "flown" across our fire place at about 6 P. M.

1895.
October 1

Cloudy & cold with strong N.W. wind & occasional flurries of snow.

Return to
Cambridge.

We broke camp and came down to Lakeside on the
thinner late yesterday afternoon.

This morning we started for Bethel by the stage at
8 A.M. It was a bitterly cold drive as far as the
Notch below which we had some shelter from the wind
& now & then a glaze of hoarfrost.

Drive to
Bethel.

Flickers were very numerous in Grafton & Newry. I never
have seen 30 or 40 in all and counted 12 in one flock.
They were chiefly in young fashions & acted very wild &
rather rising at some distance ahead & taking long flights.

^{vv}
Colaptes
auratus

There were great quantities of Sparrows flying up in clouds
from gardens & fields of weeds in the fields as our stage
Bethel past. As far as I could make out the greater number
were Song Sparrows and Chipping with a sprinkling of White Throats
& Grass Finches. I positively identified them as few White Crowned
Sparrows & do not doubt that many more were seen at a
distance among the borders of Song Sparrows.

Sparrows

White Crown
Sparrows

In Newry I saw two Sapsuckers and one little flock of
Bluebirds containing seven members.

Sapsucker

Robins & Blue jays appeared to be scarce & I saw only
about 25 Crows in all.

We left Bethel by train at 3.35 P.M. & reached Cambridge at 4.10

The autumn coloring was at its best this year about Sept. 20. Autumn
It was dull & faded to-day & many of the trees were leafless.

^{vv}
Autumn
Coloring

Game Birds killed by W. B. at Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1895	8	9	10	12	14	25	28	Total	17
September									
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u>		3						3	
<u>Greater Yellowlegs</u>								1	1
<u>Black Duck</u>	1	1	1					3	
<u>Wood "</u>			5		3			8	
<u>Blue & Teal</u>				6		1		7	
<u>Whistler</u>	1				2			4	1
<u>Am. Scoter</u>							4	4	

Grand Total = 26 Ducks, 3 Snipe = ~~28~~ 29 Birds, 1 Yellowlegs = 30 Birds

Remarks. - Ducks were very numerous this season, especially Black and Wood Ducks. Small waters were unusually scarce although the marshes were in excellent condition for them. I heard a good many Wilson's Snipe, however, during the last week of September but I did not beat the marshes for them after the 8th. Indeed I did not begin thrusting during the entire month. I could easily have killed from 75 to 100 Ducks had I hunted them persistently.

1895

Aug. 28 to Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on
Oct. 1 - slips in note pockets)

- 1 Sialia sialis
- 2 Turdus migratorius
- 3 " pallasi
- 4 " fuscescens
- 5 Merula migratoria
- 6 Pinus atricapillus
- 7 " trichas
- 8 Regulus calendula
- 9 " saturata
- 10 Sitta canadensis
- 11 " caerulescens
- 12 Geothlypis americana
- 13 Troglodytes hiemalis
- 14 Ammodramus varia
- 15 Ammodramus ludovicianus
- 16 Helminthophila alata
- 17 " nigricapilla
- 18 Empidonax hammondi
- 19 Dendroica castanea
- 20 " cronata
- 21 " blackburniae
- 22 " maculosa
- 23 " pennsylvanica
- 24 " caerulescens
- 25 " striata
- 26 " virens
- 27 Geothlypis trichas
- 28 Spinus pinus
- 29 Gylvaia canadensis
- 30 Vireo solitarius
- 31 " philadelphicus
- 32 " olivaceus
- 33 Amphispiza cedrorum
- 34 Chelidon erythrogaster
- 35 Tachycineta bicolor
- 36 Petrochelidon lunifrons
- 37 Setophaga ruticilla
- 38 Progne subis
- 39 Carpodacus purpureus
- 40 Loxia minor
- 41 " leucogaster
- 42 Spinus tristis
- 43 " pinus
- 44 Perisoreus gramineus
- 45 Ammodramus sarrama
- 46 Junco hyemalis
- 47 Spizella socialis
- 48 Melospiza fasciata
- 49 " lincolni
- 50 " georgiana
- 51 Zonotrichia albicollis
- 52 " leucurus
- 53 Hydromys ludovicianus
- 54 Passerina cyanea
- 55 Dolichonyx oryzivorus
- 56 Coccyzus ferrugineus

1895

Aug. 28 - Nominal List of Birds Observed. (Full data 1700,
Oct. 1 - slips in note pockets)

57 Corvus americanus

58 Cyanocitta cristata.

59 Perisoreus canadensis.

60 Trochilus colubris.

61 Antrostomus vociferans.

62 Chordeiles virginianus.

63 Scops asio

64 Tyrannus tyrannus.

65 Cophila pilatus.

66 Colaptes auratus

67 Dryobates pubescens

68 " villosus

69 Sphyrapicus varius.

70 Picoides arcticus.

71 Asio accipitrinus.

72 Syrnium nebulosum.

73 Circus hudsonius.

74 Haliaetus leuccephalus

75 Bonasa carolinensis

76 Falco sparverius

77 Buteo borealis.

78 " latissimus

79 Accipiter atricapillus

80 Falco columbarius

81 Accipiter cooperi

82 " velox

83 Bonasa nigrala.

84 Gallinago delicata.

85 Chondestes dominicens

86 Zinga maculata.

87 Excelsa pusillus

88 Sturnus melanoleucus

89 " flavipes

90 Phycophilus solitarius

91 Actitis macularia.

92 Ardea herodias.

93 Nycticorax grisea

94 Botaurus lentiginosus

95 Pezomachus carolinia.

96 Bernicla canadensis.

97 Anas obscura

98 Querquedula discors.

99 Tringa acuta.

100 Spiz. sparsa.

101 Spiz. collaris.

102 Spiz. americana.

103 Merganser americanus

104 Amphispiza bilineata

105 Oidemia americana

106 Tringa philadelphia

107 " a. smithsonianus.

108 Hy. trochiloides americanus.

109 Amphispiza bilineata

110 Podiceps podiceps.

111 Podiceps auritus.

112

Cambridge to Concord.

1895.

Oct. 5

Clear with cool N. E. wind.

After spending four days in Cambridge I went to Concord this afternoon, driving Charley up in the open buggy by my favorite route; via the Byway place, ~~past~~ the north side of Prospect Hill, and through the Sandy Pond woods, starting at half-past three and reaching the Hayes's at about sunset.

It was hard to believe that the water ^{could be} ~~so~~ late than mid-September for there were no "killing" frosts as yet and the foliage was as green as in midsummer in most of the woods that I passed only a few of the maples in low land showing any decided autumn coloring.

I saw few birds except Jays and the common sparrows — Song Sparrows, Chipping etc. A Grass Finch Poëetes in full song over in low, well-grown field

Concord, Massachusetts.

1875

October 6

A superb day, cloudless, calm, very clear & free from haze, very warm.

Soon after breakfast I walked to the Butterfields'. In the big clump in front of their house a number of small birds were chirping and flitting about, feeding or chasing one another in play. Among them I recognized a Bluebird, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Downy Woodpecker and several Yellow-rumped Warblers and Chipping Sparrows. There was another flock at the Keyes's consisting of about a dozen Robins, two Cedar Birds, two or three White-throated Sparrows and several Chippies & Song Sparrows.

Mixed flocks
of small birds.

The Robins & Cedar Birds were feeding on the berries of the large mountain ash which stands on the east side of the house. It was loaded with fruit for the birds have only just begun on it having recently finished eating the fruit of the still larger tree on the west side. This latter tree refills its fruit the earlier of the two, according to Miss Keyes, who tells me that the birds always begin on & strip it first. She says that there have been upwards of thirty Cedar Birds there the past week besides a great flock of Robins. She thinks that most of the Cedar Birds departed on the 4th or 5th.

Robins &
Cedar Birds
eating berries of
mountain ash.

In the afternoon I walked to Batesman's Pond by way of Dutton's lane and Bow Meadow, taking six photographs with my small camera. The autumn color was very rich & vivid wherever there were red maples in abundance as in some of the swamps & about the edges of the pond but the oak woods were as green as in July & the gray birch copses showed but little yellow. The country

To Batesman's
Pond.

1895

Oct 6

No 21

is excessively dry for the day's work. Indeed I found that I could go anywhere in the Swamp & run without danger of wetting my feet although I wore thin canvas shoes. I started three Partridges. One flew from the branches of a leafy oak directly over the wood path as I was returning half an hour after sunset. It was so dark at the time that I could not see the path distinctly & I think the bird had gone to roost. It called quet - quet - quet - quet, quet in low, hurried tones just before taking wing.

Bonasa
umbellus

Among some second-growth oaks near the pond I came upon a young Sapsucker (Sphyrapicus), a very tame bird who allowed me to get within a few yards of him although he took pains to keep a thin trunk between us most of the time keeping out from behind it with a shy, fancey expression like a Squirrel as it shuns me. The species is the slowest and most clumsy climber of our Woodpeckers. He is also much given to fits of pensiveness or abstraction where he seems to be quite oblivious to what is going on around him. I have seen very few Sapsuckers in eastern Massachusetts within the past ten years - not more than one or two in any one season and often none during an entire season. Probably this is because I have spent so much of my time in Concord where they appear to occur much less often than in the region about Cambridge.

Sphyrapicus
various

As I was watching the sunset at Batterman's Pond a Gray Squirrel began "backing" in the pines behind me & kept it up for some time. I should call it cawing rather than backing (cā - cā followed by several choking sounds). It is very unlike any other Squirrel's voices.

Gray Squirrel

1895.

Oct. 7

Early morning clear but remainder of day cloudy with light showers in P. M. very warm with S. W. wind.

Drove to Fairhaven Bay with Miss Hayes immediately after breakfast in search of the Spanish "Pine" whom we found at the camp on Mowth's Point. Saw a good many Jays, Crows, Song & Chipping Sparrows & a fine Red-shouldered Hawk soaring over the river just below the Bay. Photographed the big pasture hemlock at Nine Acre Corner but the negative proved worthless.

To Fairhaven

To Ball's Hill in the early afternoon sailing the entire distance. To Ball's Hill the river is lower than I have ever seen it. Below and the Great Meadows are so dry that the farmers are running their mowing machines over the ripe grounds. The thickets and beds of tall grass & wild rice along the river banks were thronged with Song & Swamp Sparrows among which were also a few Cowbird birds. As I was paddling up stream at about 5 P. M. the sun came out warm & clear for a few minutes and all these species began singing. I could hear them in every direction, far & near, a dozen or more different birds. Most of the songs were full & confident & evidently those of young birds but there were two old Song Sparrows who chanted at short, regular intervals in full, finished tones just as in spring. Altogether it was an unusual & very delightful concert.

Song, Swamp &
White-throated
Sparrows singing.

The autumn coloring along the river front at Ball's Hill and in the maple swamps behind this hill was as fine as anything I have ever seen in Massachusetts. It was practically confined to the red maples & tulpeos, however. The latter are usually much earlier than the former but both appear to have attained their greatest perfection at the same time this year. Of the two

Autumn
foliage

Concord, Massachusetts.

1885

Oct. 7

(No 2)

the warblers furnished as a rule the more brilliant colors & some of them glowed like canvases of living flame.

I walked about in the woods for an hour or two seeing a Hermit Thrush, four Black-bellied Warblers and a number of Juncos. A little before sunset three large flocks of Rusty Blackbirds came flying overhead in quick succession from the west. The first two flocks which contained respectively 37 and 40 birds passed on down river but the last when numbers I failed to count pitched down into Benson's corn field where they fed for some time very near & then rising & whirling about in a dense, dark cloud or alighting in the oaks to jingle & chirp their wild musical choruses.

Birds at
Ball's Hill

Chipmunk Squirrels were so very scarce during the past Spring & Summer that it was a noteworthy event to see or hear one anywhere. I did not meet with more than three or four in all including my experience at Warren, N. H. where they were so numerous in June 1884. The farmers thought that they perished in the holes during the ~~long~~ hard winter. In the region about Ball's Hill I could find but one solitary individual during April & May. Accordingly I was greatly surprised to hear & see them everywhere during my walk to Notman's Pond yesterday & in the Ball's Hill country this afternoon. Judging by the two experiences I should say that they are now more than ordinarily numerous.

Chipmunks
very scarce
last Spring
but abundant
this autumn

Two Gray Squirrels & a Red Squirrel were busking in the woods behind Ball's Hill to-day.

Gray & Red
Squirrels

1898
Oct. 8

Cloudy with a moderate but steady rainfall during the forenoon.

I went to Ball's Hill again this morning looking down in the river. As I was passing "Hunt's Pond" a flock of ten Meadow Larks flew across the river and alighted in the fields on the north bank. I heard a few Titlarks both yesterday & to-day, mostly single birds wandering about high in air.

To Ball's Hill.

I spent the forenoon "house cleaning" an ill-timed but very necessary task for the river, spiders & ants continued to work during the summer, strewn the shelves, floor, & table & hung the ceiling & corners with a bad litter of chips, saw dust & shavings. The rain beat noisily on the tin roof & my fire burned cheerfully in the fire place while outside the woods were gloomy & silent. Indeed I heard only a few Crows & Jays & saw nothing but a shrunken, forlorn-looking Catbird who came close to my window and seemed to look in longingly as if half inclined to beg a place by my fire.

A rainy day
in the cabin

After dinner, however, the rain ceased & I paddled down river to the high island where I landed & walked to the Mason field. Someone was shooting in Burdett's woods. Jays were screaming & Crows cawing. I heard two Hairy Woodpeckers.

Dryobates
vulgaris

Returning I passed the cabin without landing & kept on homeward. The sky had clearing in the west & a cool N. W. wind blew. One or two Song Sparrows sang and a Kingfisher flitted on before me. Muskrats were rolling over apples from among the clumps of button bushes. They appear to be numerous this autumn.

1895
Oct. 9

Clear and cooler with brisk N.W. wind.

I spent the forenoon in the Estabrook country hunting for
Caddis' Hoppers of which I dug a number of nests. During
my walk I visited the beautiful pine woods behind
Punkatasset Hill. I doubt if anywhere in this region
there can be found a richer or more varied ~~comple~~ growth
of ground pine, popple, partridge berry etc. than that
which carpets the ground throughout these woods. The
soil & other conditions must be peculiarly favorable here.
Small birds were rather numerous considering the
wild, windy weather. I saw one Hermit, a flock
of six Junco & two high ones besides, a Brown Creeper,
a Field Sparrow, three Robins, and many Jays. In
the pine woods Chickadees & at least one Golden-creeper
were chirping but I did not see any of them.

EstabrookwoodsSmall birds

" 10

Clear & cold but with little wind.

This has been a glorious autumn day but a severe
cold has prevented me from going far afield. Early in
the afternoon I strolled about the Hedges place. There
were fifteen or twenty Robins in the mountain ash
& in the orchard behind the house a mixed flock
consisting of seven Bluebirds, eight or ten Chipping Sparrows
& a Phoebe. It was delightful to see so many
Bluebirds together after the anxiety which we have
been feeling about them the past season. Apparently
they fear that having the winter here has been very
successful in rearing their broods.

Mixed flock

with seven

Bluebirds

1895

Oct. 15

Cloudy, calm, warm. Slight rain in P.M.

A severe cold confined me to the house on the 11th, 12th & 13th.
Yesterday was spent in Cambridge & Boston. So - day, I went to
Ball's Hill.

To Ball's Hill

Between 3 P.M. on the 12th & 8 P.M. on the 13th our fine inches of
rain fell and the river rose more than ten feet, flooding
the meadows. The current was very strong this morning and I
had a swift passage using the paddle but lightly.

At the Hotel I saw a flock of about 30 Titlocks alight in the
upper branches of a large, leafless ash where they sat for several
minutes preening their feathers. If I remember rightly, it is
unusual for these to so preen in trees.

Titlocks alight
in trees.

On reaching Holden's Hill I paddled across the meadow and
was on the point of landing when four Wood Ducks rose from
the water at the edge of the bushes, and flew down river towards
Ball's Hill where I afterwards started them a second time
nearly in front of the cabin. The flock consisted of one female,
one drake in apparently full plumage and two young ducks
which had about half completed the change from young to
mature plumage.

Wood Ducks

While walking about over Holden's Hill I started a
Partridge and heard two Gray Squirrels barking. The Partridge
on rising uttered a low, rolling, murmuring, whistling sound
undoubtedly vocal. This note, which I have heard countless times
before but never considered carefully until now, is perfectly
distinct from the hurried, metallic quet-quet-quet which is
also a common flight note. The former cry is, I think, usually
given when the bird is not much alarmed and when it about
to take only a short flight. The quet is uttered instead just
before the bird takes wing but is frequently continued.

Hesperomys
of the Partridge

1895

Oct. 13

(W.S.)

The first few notes that the bird utters after leaving the ground or tree. The first call indicates unusual alarm & is often given when the bird is surprised.

I spent a rather gloomy day at the cabin for it rained steadily most of the time & was then as well as during my possible hourward at evening when I neither heard nor saw anything of interest save a solitary Great Blue Heron which rose from the meadow at the foot of Bennett's Bar & winged its way off into the glen.

The red maples lost their foliage during the rain storm of the 13th but since then the birches have turned yellow & some of the scarlet oaks have also attained nearly the perfection of their autumn tints & that the woods are still brilliantly coloured in places.

Autumn
foliage.

1895

Oct. 17

Clear with strong W. wind.

Spent the day down river in the open canoe landing at Ball's Hill for an hour on my way down & then keeping on past Lewis's Hill & Lawrence's big woods to Bright's woods where I landed & lunched. On the way back I landed at Mason's Island & walked back through the woods to the old field picking up a number of acorns for planting in Cambridge.

Down river
to Ball's Hill
& beyond.

I saw no Ducks to-day and indeed almost nothing of interest save a Marsh Hawk.

" 18

Clear with strong N. W. wind.

In the forenoon drove with Mr. Buttrick to Mason's field where we left the horse & walked through Prescott's woods concerning the value of which I was anxious to get Mr. B's opinion. He started a Partridge & a Hare & then there. We then drove back to town & down to Goose Pond where we spent another hour or so. This pond was very low & a dense growth of grass has covered its margin on every side.

In the afternoon I sailed to Ball's Hill where I took two or three photographs. On the way back saw four Wood Ducks swimming along the edge of the grass on the Great Meadows. I can now cross this meadow in my canoe going through the cut by the big white maples.

Wood Ducks

Saw two Bluebirds near John Mose's & Junco's in many places in flocks of ten to twenty five.

1895.

Oct. 19-31

With the exception of the 25th & 28th which were spent at Cambridge I have been at Concord during this period but I have seen so little of interest and the ground has been so thoroughly covered by my friends of former years that I have not thought it worth while to keep a daily record other than that of my condensed field list.

Since the great storm of the 12th & 13th we have had practically no rain and the weather has been clear most of the time. Nevertheless the month has furnished but few really pleasant days. There have been too many violent winds and the nights have been cold and damp. The smaller, shallower ponds have ~~been~~ drained over repeatedly and the leaves killed by the frosts have withered & fallen without attaining their usual brilliant tints. Indeed since the red maples cast their foliage it has been a comparatively colorless autumn.

The great storm raised the river about three feet & flooded the meadows for nearly a week. When the water began falling Greater Yellow-legs appeared in unusual numbers and stayed five or six days. I saw them on the Great Meadows and in front of the Rogers's and heard of them all the way up stream to Weymouth. Pectoral in species also paid us a visit. I saw one on the 20th and a flock of six on the 23rd in the meadow on the east bank of the Holt. They were very tame & I watched them for an hour or more (on the 23rd). Soon after I left them a gunner (the same man who shot the one on the meadow with a cricket) came on to the meadow & fired six or eight shots at them. I saw him pick up their birds & fear he got the whole flock.

Greater
Yellow-legs.

Pectoral
Sandpiper

1895

Oct. 19. 31

(No. 2)

Hermit Thrushes have been more numerous than for several years past. I saw five on the 22nd during a drive to Corbiss & back.

Hermit
Thrushes

There has also been a very good flight of Juncos. I have several times seen from fifteen to fifty in a day and from ten to twenty in a single flock.

Juncos.

Bluebirds were about the house almost daily up to the 21st when I have seen none but Pat. Ramsey tells me that he met with a flock of fifteen or twenty in Wayland on the 28th.

Bluebirds

The flight of Yellow-rumps has been fairly up to its average proportions but they have gone by now.

Yellow-rumps

Most of my days have been spent at Ball's Hill. Sailing or paddling down each morning I have spent the days tramping about in the woods or overrunning Pat's walk and have returned at evening after the wind had fallen and ^{where} the water was cutting thin sking furrows across the placid stream. During these river trips I have seen but few Ducks, much fewer than usual. Saw Black Ducks on the 20th & 21st on the 27th, four Wood Ducks on the 15th & as many on the 19th, and a Hooded Merganser on the 23rd - the last thus far. The Merganser was at Ball's Hill swimming close in shore. It allowed me to paddle within about 50 yards before rising. It appeared to be a young male.

Ducks
scarce.

Hooded
Merganser

Concord, Mass.

1895

Nov. 1-8

Will Stone joined me at Concord on the 1st and spent the following week with me. The weather was wonderfully fine, clear, warm, & still - Indian Summer weather in fact. Of course we were out every day, usually taking the cars and going to Ball's Hill.

Birds were not very numerous but there was a fairly large flight of Tree Sparrows & Juncos. Not a single Duck was noted and flocks of mallards were very scarce.

.. 19-24

I left Concord on the 8th and went to Washington to attend the A. O. U. meeting. Returning to Cambridge on the 16th I drove to Concord on the afternoon of the 17th and spent another week there coming back to Cambridge for the winter on the 26th.

During this week the weather was almost uniformly bad with several heavy rains but it was fortunately warm most of the time. The country was nearly barren of birds, there were, to be seen, a good many ~~Chickadees~~ ^{the Sparrows} but almost nothing else even Chickadees being scarce. I saw a Shrike (the first) on the 21st and during the week there a few Pine Siskins, all single birds.

Frank Gosfield, having nothing better to do, has been trapping muskrat rats this autumn. During the past month he has caught in the river and its tributary brooks between Dugan Brook & Davis Hill 252 muskrats. They are practically exterminated by this summer drain. I have seen only bats or three during this week.



